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E L L A S - L A N D .

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A FEW days after the removal of James and his broken leg from the residence of General Cliver to that of Nathan, there was a repetition of the ride on horse-back by the same young persons who were out at the time of the accident. The avowed object was to pay their respects to your mother and to Ellas-land. I am sure it is not my fault, if, having eyes to see, I guess at motives for myself somewhat independently of avowals.

It was picturesque and pleasant to see the young folks dodging among the walks and shrubbery, calling each other to admire particular parts of the general arrangements, and bandying nose-gays. Pleasant was it, also, to behold the movements of the cavalcade, the spirited animals, the costume of the riders, the caparison of steeds, all contrived for effect, with colors and decorations too decisive to express any thing but the courage and ardor of young persons not yet chastened by hopes decayed. Pleasant was it, indeed, to hear the silvery ring of voices mingled with the voice of birds; and not least pleasant was it to observe the flow of sentiment, the involvement in blooms and fragrance, of Mr. Phil Fire-Proof, who has been young and fresh any time these ten years. His manners and appearance were in excellent contrast with those of Uncas Heminway. Phil knew the names of a great many shrubs and flowers, good long, botanical names, and freely used such names as he knew; sometimes, that is to say once or twice in the course of his visit, used a name correctly. He was ready at any moment to venture on the construction of a bouquet, or to criticise a bouquet composed by any other; in which proceedings it was more apparent than he suspected that his memory, rather than any other faculty, was consulted: feeling of the beauty of flowers, or perception of dainty associations of qualities among them, he had none. Apt and ready was he, also, at poetical quotations, not, to be sure, of the rarest and choicest flavor, but, like his bouquets and himself, such as had been in use. A more useful

and agreeable man than Phil, in the society of young people, need not be desired. For at least ten mortal years he has been vigilant of reigning beauties and heiresses. When one of these, like Miss Adeline, rises above the horizon, not already from her friends and position assured, Mr. Phil familiarizes him with the ring of her door-bell. He gallants her to public places, and leads her into all centres of admiration. Of every young beau he is the envy ; but there comes to be, on acquaintance, a certain sense of insufficiency in him ; a faculty, so to speak, of never amounting to much ; a genius of not reaching a higher order of development ; a special providence of having no outcome.

On the contrary, Uncas is singularly awkward, ridiculous, and full of meaning. He is Miss Nell Blodget's shadow. Her slender and fragile figure, her nervous temperament, her artificial manners, her abundance of light conversation, are in full contrast to the stout and staunch untutored ways of Uncas. Very considerably inclined to dignity, to *hau-tour*, to reserve, is Uncas. He flatters himself that he is a man of society, destined to win favor with the other sex, but saving only a certain quality of heartiness and of clumsy sincerity, he is as far from chances of favor as any man you could see of a summer's morning. A fine horse wakes up his faculties, and he is seen to advantage in the fields. Miss Nell peeps through her long, fair ringlets, and sees him always ardent in pursuit of her frail little self ; she feels kindly and grateful for the admiration which follows her like a special providence ; now and then bestows upon him a glance, which seems to enlarge and animate him like a glance of the sun upon a fog-bank ; perhaps her thoughts wander up and down her delicate brain, seeking poetical and uncommon words for expression ; but presently her little army of kind intentions is thrown into confusion and put to rout. She is to him what an infant might be in the presence of an elephant. She plays tricks upon him, and covers him with embarrassments and confusion, and that is her sport. I think if he were to meet her no more she would miss him as one annoyance departed ; which, nevertheless, when present, had its compensating qualities : as if one should miss a hill from the landscape, a rough, high-towering, uncongenial peak, from the top of which one had, nevertheless, beheld glorious views. I have my guess about Miss Nell. She would probably say, with entire truth, that Uncas is a bore ; that he is an annoyance, and almost intolerable ; that she thinks of him as an untamed giant, not suited to be fed in the presence of the audience. But she seldom refuses to ride when he is of the company. She seldom quite forgets his presence. My guess is, that she unconsciously goes up into the top of that mountain, as it were, in a somnambule state, and there enriches her dreams with the prospect of deep, running rivers of true love, of great forests, of mingled fancies of the future, turning their bright leaves to the sun, of waving fields of plenty, and with consciousness of nestling, unharmed, during the storms of life, under shelter of its huge protection. Yet, if these visions were distinctly presented to her mind in its conscious and waking state, I doubt not she would flee from them as from Gorgons and chimeras dire.

While remaining at Ellas-land, Uncas was kept pretty much to him-

self. Your mother made some efforts to save him from a feeling of being neglected, but he saw very little to interest him, except a flock of Shanghai chickens. In regard to these, he exhibited an unaffected interest. Miss Nell managed to catch one of the largest and most ill-looking, a young rooster that stretched upwards almost without feathers, and presented, all in all, a very unfinished and sterile appearance, as it were an undeveloped hope of a rooster, the transfiguration from a dream to the night-mare of a rooster, in which relations proportions and colors are lost, and the thing, without dropping its identity, becomes painfully exaggerated and untrue.

With this unfinished specimen of hencraft, in which each limb and member seemed not acquainted with nor intended for the others, but only submitting to companionship, in a state of mutual dissatisfaction and an ever-present sense of unfitness, for some penitential and temporary purpose, Miss Nell, in frolic mood, and with unwonted kindness of manner, approached Uncas and handed the rooster to him.

‘Do you know,’ said she, ‘what the Queen of Denmark said when she strewed Ophelia’s grave with flowers?’

Uncas did n’t like to acknowledge ignorance, and replied :

‘Not exactly the words, Miss Nell, but the sentiment was, she was sorry Ophelia was dead.’

‘Exactly the idea!’ said Miss Nell, shaking her curls with a merry laugh. The words were these : ‘Sweets to the sweet.’

Uncas did not see the force of this quotation on that particular occasion, but he had no doubt it was just right. Miss Nell had said it, and said it to him. Why should she quote poetry to him? Why should she give him a Shanghai rooster? There might be a great deal of hidden meaning in it. The Shanghai was the king of barn-fowls.

‘What shall I do with it?’ he inquired. ‘Miss Nell, what shall I do with this — this bird?’

‘If it were mine to give,’ said Miss Nell, ‘I would beg you to keep it as an emblem of my respect; but as the *bird* is not mine, please look at him, admire him, and let him run. What a beautiful thing he is! Oh! how exquisite! Mr. Moore could never have seen a Shanghai when he wrote that line :

‘Oh! I’d have something more exquisite still!’

‘I reckon he had n’t,’ said Uncas. ‘When this fellow gets his feathers he’ll be A Number One.’

Here Miss Adeline, with excellent tact, turned the conversation. After a short walk over the grounds again, the visit to Ellas-land was ended. The ladies proposed to stop at Nathan’s and see Emily’s flowers. Mr. Phil was not greatly pleased with this proposition, but my own surmise was this : but for the intended stop to see Emily’s flowers, neither of the young ladies would have come to Ellas-land. What could be more praiseworthy and humane than a desire on their part to know how the broken leg was healing?

Arrived at Nathan’s, Miss Nell and Miss Adeline made no inquiry; but Mr. Phil and Uncas could do no less than inquire for James, and show him attentions. Phil, when passing through her grounds, re-

requested Emily to select for him the prettiest bouquet possible. He presented it with great affability and self-possession to Miss Adeline. Uncas sought the privilege of selecting for himself, and marched up to Miss Nell with a magnificent piony in full bloom. He was entirely conscious on that occasion of acquitting himself with credit.

'Be-u-tiful!' exclaimed Miss Nell. 'If we only had a sun-flower to put with it, would n't it be perfect?'

'The sun-flowers, I reckon, have n't just blowed out yet!' said Uncas.

Miss Nell tripped briskly to the back part of the yard and pulled a large blossom from an alanthus tree.

'Allow me,' said she, suiting the action to the word, and inserting the stem through one of the button-holes of Uncas's vest, 'to put this in your button-hole.'

'Yes 'm,' said Uncas. 'I'll keep it till it dries up. It smells considerable, don't it?'

'My dear fellow,' said Phil, a few moments after, and a little apart, 'I would n't carry that dev'lish thing. The smell is enough to make a man sick at the stomach, or to knock him down — faugh!'

About the time the last word of the sentence was pronounced, Phil himself lay sprawling between two rows of cabbages.

'Did I hit you?' inquired Uncas, with apparent concern. 'I hope it did n't hurt much.'

Uncas helped Phil up, and as he did so, he explained to the ladies that just as he was turning suddenly, his hand hit Mr. Asbestos in the face, and sort of swayed him over.

'A very extraordinary circumstance,' said Phil. 'I was making an observation on the singularity of his taste in carrying an alanthus blossom. You can smell it as far as you could hear the sound of a cannon. Very odd, indeed! I should have thought he hit me with his fist. It was like the blow of a trip-hammer. A very extraordinary thing, that a gentleman should carry such a cursed smell in his button-hole, and at the same time whirl so roughly —'

'It was not done at all with my fist,' interrupted Uncas. 'It was a mere accident. I was standing this way, and turned — this way. By thunder! He's fell down again.'

Uncas seized Phil and placed him on his feet, as he would a child, saying:

'I never was so confounded awkward and unfortunate. I owe you an apology, Mr. Asbestos, a thousand apologies; but I'm never quite myself in the presence of ladies. Perhaps if you'll say no more about the posey I shall have better luck hereafter. Let us be going.'

Emily pleasantly took the young people to James's room, where opportunities were furnished for a rambling conversation among all parties. Miss Nell sought an opportunity to lay her finger on the arm of Uncas, and say to him:

'You were rude to Phil. I do n't like it. Make it up with him.'

'All right,' said Uncas, 'I'll fix it.'

'No, Mr. Heminway,' replied Miss Nell, with quiet determination, 'it is *not* all right. Such rudeness cannot be submitted to by a *gentleman*, nor inflicted by one.'

Probably you have noticed the rising of the moon upon a hot, smoky atmosphere, how uncommonly large and red she looked, how apparently uncertain what to do with herself. No better similitude offers by which to describe to you the redness and perplexity to be seen at this stage of the excursion, in the face of Mr. U. Heminway. It did n't occur to him that if Miss Nell had not felt at least an habitual friendship for him, perhaps a degree of unconscious identification with him, she would, or at least might, have turned from him in silence. But it were hardly an exaggeration to say that Uncas habitually bowed to the utterances of Miss Nell with a timidity and deference like those which we may suppose overawed Moses in presence of the burning bush. A few words of attempted extenuation, clung to the walls of his throat, and, driven forward by a halting purpose, mingled together in confusion before reaching his lips. Miss Nell said :

'Some other time, if you wish, Uncas, but say no more about it now.'

You can very well imagine that after this, Mr. U. Heminway's manners, always awkward to a degree, were, so to speak, brilliant with untimely acts and misapplied words. Few opportunities escaped him unimproved, for saying things which ought not to be said, and doing acts that ought not to be done. There appeared almost a necessity that Miss Nell should refuse his company home, and appeal to Miss Adeline and Phil for their protection from so many well-meant but intolerable blunders. This, however, turned out not to be the remedy which she thought his case required.

Meanwhile, Emily and Miss Adeline, and Mr. Phil and James, had become immensely involved in wise talk about the weather, about flowers, about grapes, about music, about weddings, about love affairs. The atmosphere of their conversation was murky with sultry common-places, only now and then electrified and driven into currents by a thunder-clap of a blunder by Uncas. Among other things, Miss Adeline inquired of James if he were fond of flowers, and if her bouquet, handing it to him, were not beautiful. James said he had but little knowledge of flowers. At which Emily rolled up her eyes, as if no body could be more astonished to hear such a whopper.

'There is not,' said she to Adeline, 'there positively is not the least reliance to be placed in one word that men say. They seem to make it a part of their religion, when talking to us, to deal only in fiction.'

'It is,' said James, 'because we are, then, not in the region of dry fact, but of fancy.'

'Miss Adeline may be young enough,' said Emily, archly, 'to think that very well said, but I am old enough to know that nothing is beautiful which is not true. I tell you, Miss Adeline, James does not know so much of flowers as some do, as I do, for instance ; but he knows so much, that I know where and how he must have obtained his knowledge. It makes me anxious to be acquainted with his mother.'

Meanwhile, James had inspected the bouquet with an obvious delicacy of appreciation, and had inhaled its fragrance.

'You are indebted for this,' said he to Miss Adeline, 'to the good taste of Mr. Asbestos, I presume. I had supposed there were but two persons in the world capable of such an exquisite combination of selections, Mr. Nathan and my mother.'

As he alluded to his mother, he kissed the bouquet and returned it to Miss Adeline. The kiss was certainly allowable, as a tender tribute to the name of his mother, but it had been lodged, perhaps, without thinking, in Miss Adeline's bouquet. Perhaps it was a little piece of playful audacity on his part. Who can decide that question?

Mr. Phil was not an indifferent spectator of whatever took place. Presently it occurred to him that Miss Nell had no bouquet. He requested leave to pluck one for her, and borrowed Miss Adeline's to take with him. He soon returned with two, intended to be alike, presenting the one first given to Miss Adeline, to Miss Nell, and giving to Miss Adeline the new one plucked by himself.

'I think,' said Emily, 'you have made a mistake; you have given Miss Nell the wrong bouquet.'

'No, not at all,' replied Miss Adeline, 'he intended this for me. You thought, Phil, did you not, that the freshest was good enough for me? How can one fail to be grateful to a beau who watches to give her the best of every thing?'

If James did intend any audacity when he planted a kiss in Miss Adeline's bouquet, one might wish to know, after seeing how diffly she had helped to exchange it for another, how much he thought he had gained by his temerity.

Seeing that Miss Nell was slightly perplexed between her bouquet and her piony, Phil suggested to her, with a tone of sarcasm, not intended for her, that 'the large blow' was inconvenient to be carried, and if she would trust him with it, he would be happy to relieve her.

Miss Nell replied:

'You are very kind, and I thank you. But you already carry two large blows, and a third would be one too many.'

Whether Miss Nell had felt cheapened by his giving her a second-hand bouquet, or whether she chose not to see Uncas ridiculed by any but herself, or what was the cause of this reply, is not certain. Possibly it was not pleasing to her to contrast the rough and blundering manner of her beau, for the time being, with the flowing, easy, and successful politeness of Miss Adeline's beau. I am not bound to find the motive. I relate the fact. She said it trippingly and archly, and the precise shade of meaning intended was as open to doubt as the kiss lodged in Miss Adeline's bouquet. Mr. Phil appeared to think the reply not complimentary, and his face became red. It was, then, Miss Nell's turn to be conscious that her little tongue had made haste to mischief. Mr. Phil said:

'In the presence of ladies, gentlemen are frequently honored with packages, sacks, bundles, and other burdens, which they know how to get rid of, in any other company. It was so pleasant and desirable to see Miss Nell, that the necessity of encountering other company at the same time was hardly an objection; and Miss Nell must be aware that a blow, a piony for instance, was one of the most delicate and pleasant attentions to be expected from some kinds of company. For himself he would always be glad to compromise on two blows, if he could be spared the cultivated words and manners of the person giving them.'

'Speaking of sacks,' said Miss Nell, 'I have understood that gentle-

men *are* sometimes honored with them in the presence of ladies. How many sacks can one man conveniently carry ?

'That is a great problem,' Emily said, interrupting them, and seeking to divert the conversation to another channel, 'I suppose it to be substantially the old problem over again. I see no difference. A gentleman was going to St. Ives and met seven wives, every wife had seven sacks, every sack had seven cats, every cat had seven kits : kits, cats, sacks, and wives, how many were going to St. Ives ?'

'Must have been a devil of a lot of 'em,' said Uncas.

'Do you know,' said James to Miss Nell, coming quickly to the aid of Emily, 'how I solve that problem about going to St. Ives ? I deny the fact. There were no such seven wives, no such seven sacks for each wife, no such seven cats for each sack, nor any such seven kits for each cat. I deny it altogether. Just reflect a moment. Seven wives is rather an uncommon lot, but such a thing might happen. Go a step further ; each wife had seven sacks full of cats and kittens. How could she carry them ? It is absurd. That is to say, if the story is true, there were forty-nine sacks full of cats, carried by seven wives. That would be a load of cats and kittens as large as those large loads of sacks of wool and cotton one sometimes sees. A person can ride on a load of cotton or wool ; how could he ride on a sack of live cats and kittens ? Well, then, proceed a step farther. Each sack had seven cats. How large must a sack be to hold seven live cats ? Then, each cat had seven kittens, so that besides the seven cats, each sack had forty-nine live kittens ; making, in all, fifty-six cats and kittens in each sack. You will perceive that the sacks must have been very large. Moreover, they had, according to the story, in all, over two thousand seven hundred cats and kittens. If they had had so many, they never would have been so foolish as to take them all at once to market. It would produce a glut. Suppose each cat to measure one foot and a half from the tip of her nose to the end of her tail, and each kitten to measure six inches, and all these cats and kittens walking in procession ; or suppose these cats, part arranged in a square on the ground, and others standing on the backs of these, until all were arranged in a pyramid with a single kitten at the top ; then, suppose the top kitten should be hungry and whine, the mother at the bottom would of course respond, and the whole pyramid would go to whisking their tails and mewling. Take any view you please of this proposition and it is incredible. I do not believe a word of it.'

'You have made one mistake,' said Emily. 'You state the cats to be alive. The problem does not say whether they were alive or dead.'

'Very true,' replied James ; 'but I consider them to have been alive ; such was the probable intention of the story. What would be the use of carrying dead cats ? Besides, how would the person going to St. Ives have known they were cats ? They were in sacks. He could not see them. He could know only by the sound. The inference is that each cat and kitten was alive, scratching and squawling to get out of the sack : each woman sat upon an enormous stock of large sacks, and the sacks full of cats and kittens, scratching, biting, squawling, cater-

wauling ; in a word, feeling it to be the crisis of their lives, each cat and each kitten feeling, but unable to say :

‘A DAY, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.’

Yes, ma’am, the cats were alive. And this shows again the falsity of the story. But one single person saw or heard this extraordinary performance. We have only the statement of the person who was going to St. Ives, and no other. Is it not certain that such an extraordinary performance would have attracted crowds ? I conclude there was no body going to St. Ives — no cats, no kittens.’

Emily and James had succeeded in their effort to divert the conversation into a channel more pleasant and less personal than it had been, and to interpose a topic of merriment.

Miss Nell said that this was a new view of that troublesome problem, and it really did seem to her to settle the cat question.

Emily admitted the force of the argument, but she thought if it were not true, that there were so many cats there might be a figurative and allegorical meaning attached to it. Since a sack might contain so many uncomfortable things, it was a warning to young ladies to be very cautious not to give the sack to young gentlemen.

At this stage of that very instructive and useful visit, there came in a group of bright-eyed little folks, bearing a small salver with cake and fruit.

‘This’ said Emily, ‘is my oldest : Mr. Nathan pretended to think one Emily in the family not enough. This is Fred, the second in order. This is my little Lucy : and this is Master George.’

‘Putting them all together,’ said Uncas, ‘I’ll be d — d if it ain’t the prettiest bouquet ever raised about this establishment.’

After this thunder-clap, of course, there ensued silence, and the little folks had time to offer their refreshments. Presently there commenced a great game of kissing between Miss Nell, Miss Adeline, Emily, and the little folks ; but who shuffled, who dealt, who held trumps, who turned up Jack, or who took the honors, is more than I know. The horses and riders were soon in lively motion towards home. Before mounting, however, the awkward abruptness of Uncas became so formidable that Miss Nell must either subdue it or escape from it. There was a fine chance for an explosion of indignation, and of throwing Mr. U. Heminway into great darkness of spirit, so that ladies might not be again troubled with the well-meant rudeness of one so little adapted to their society. Mr. Phil was not indisposed to witness such a result. He very kindly offered to help Miss Nell upon her horse, but not choosing to hear him, she called to Uncas as one having authority :

‘You will please lead my horse to yonder fence ; I will get on from the fence.’

‘I can put you on in a giffy,’ said Uncas, ‘fence or no fence.’

Miss Nell made no reply, but walked to the fence and climbed upon it, while Uncas tamely led her horse to it, and she seated herself on the saddle. They were not within ear-shot of the rest. Miss Nell ad-

dressed to Uncas a few words in a very low voice. It was her opportunity for rebuking him. What do you think she said ?

'Uncas ! you behave very roughly and very badly. You must be more quiet. What's the use ? Am not I your friend ? Behave yourself, and let us be sociable !'

I cannot transfer the manner and the tone to paper. The words were quietly uttered. But if she had given Mr. U. Heminway half a tumbler full of paregoric, or applied to his nostrils a sponge laden with chloroform, his subjugation of manner could not have been more complete. Yet the effect of paregoric or chloroform would have been different. He said little, but he sat his horse like a king. That fine animal, trained to his master's moods, lifted his expanding nostrils, curved his glossy neck, elated himself, as to the sound of music, and skimmed gently along the road. The ride promised to leave the company pleased with themselves and with each other, save only Mr. Asbestos, the most considerate and pains-taking of them, who, nevertheless, was riding home under a sense of injury and insult from Uncas. I am afraid that merit is not always rewarded with happiness. Miss Adeline, in the course of the ride, requested Miss Nell to exchange bouquets, which thus placed her in possession of the one originally given her by Mr. Phil, with James's kiss in it. There is reason to fear that Miss Adeline is a wicked girl. In the presence of James she parted with the bouquet, which, possibly, he would have wished her keep. In the presence of Phil she takes back the flowers, which possibly he would wish her to forget. As for Uncas, he still carried the alanthus in his button-hole. How he and Phil settled their difficulty I do not know, but a few days after the newspapers contained a paragraph with nouns in blank, which, I suspect, refers to those two young gentlemen. I cut it out and append it hereto with a wafer :

'AFFAIR OF HONOR. — A personal meeting of a hostile character took place yesterday morning at sun-rise in the Licking valley just back of Newport barracks, between two young gentlemen of our city. Mr. A — s was the challenging party, Mr. H — y the respondent. Pistols the weapon ; twenty paces the distance. Dr. J — d — kus was on the ground as surgeon, with a large box of surgical instruments, which, in order to have them in readiness, were displayed on a log. There was also a basket of lint and bandages. At the tossing of the copper, Mr. H — y's friend won the choice of ground, and placed his principal with his back to the sun, whose piercing rays almost blinded Mr. A — s. While arranging the signals, the friend of Mr. A — s accidentally discharged Mr. A — s' pistol, the ball taking off the lower joint of his little finger and lodging in the calf of the surgeon's leg. This accident resulted in a proposition for a compromise from the injured parties, and the challenge was withdrawn temporarily for that purpose. Mr. H — y then explained that he had not intended the slapping in the face, which was the alleged cause of challenge, as an insult, but only as a mode of repelling an insult offered him. If Mr. A — s had not intended to insult him, then he had not intended to knock down Mr. A — s. He would withdraw the blow to give Mr. A — s a chance to explain. Mr. A — s explained that he had no personal

reference whatever in his remarks about the alanthus, but referred to all alanthus blossoms. Mr. H — y said he was satisfied, and so the difficulty was adjusted consistently with the honor of all parties. Both the assistant's finger and the surgeon's leg are doing well; the latter proves to be merely a flesh-wound.

L O U I S I - A L L A .

FINE Block Island Girl,
With the scoop-net in your hand,
How the bright waves flash and whirl
Where I see you stand:
On that sandy wave-washed shore,
By the green and silent lane,
In this hut can such a floor
Yield to uglier dame?

Tramping through the grass,
Up on rocks with naked feet,
You shall hear the great pulse beat
Of Ocean, as you pass;
Your great eyes shall wildly look
For the dim and shadowy sail
Of your daddy, who has shook
His white wings to the gale.

Shouting as you go,
Mind you not the clouds that lower,
Or the thunder deep and loud,
Signal of the storm-king's power:
On fresh Nature's canvas you
Often gaze on such a scene:
Let the sky be bright or blue,
You'll be always green!

I wonder if your breast
Ever heaves a sigh,
When you sit with thought opprest
Of what will come 'bime-by':
More than of the cakes 'done brown,'
Waiting for the Island-lad,
And that spanking bright new gown,
Wedding-gift from ugly Dad.

Fine Block Island Girl,
My song is almost sung,
Give your black hair a salt-sea curl,
And 'go it while you 're young.'
For whole hosts of fisher-boys
Who will go out to play,
Shall course the blood that stains the cheek
Of her I sing to-day!

In a 'Noth-Easter,' May 8, 1856.

U N L I K E , Y E T L I K E .

BY M. E. W. T.

I.

THERE is a blue which paints the sea at morning,
When skies are bright and treacherous breezes fair:
There sea-gulls sail, the snowy wavelet scouring,
And cut with tireless wing the fragrant air:
A darker hue in solemn distance warning,
Where gallant lives have grappled with despair.

II.

How like the eye of Woman, sad and tender,
Revealing, hiding all her heart profound;
Telling of storms from which no walls defend her,
Or of some trust the tempest has not found;
Flashing in Love's bright morn with burning splendor,
Or darkening where some mighty hope went down.

III.

There is a blue the distant mountain folding,
When autumn sun-sets linger on the height;
The craggy outline all to beauty moulding,
As slowly robing for the coming night:
A solemn court the giant monarch holding
Above the world, in lone, majestic night.

IV.

So looks the eye of him whose patient seeking
Beholds how all things in their order stand:
No idle vengeance on the sinful wreaking,
He strives to find what mighty Love has planned:
To him the earth, in myriad voices speaking,
Tells of a glorious thought in structure grand.

V.

But looking upward from the waters glancing,
And from the mountain, solemn and at rest,
Above the clouds in golden radiance dancing,
Behold a blue, the beauteous and the best!
A sapphire path o'er which the coursers prancing.
Bear PHŒBUS onward to the glowing West.

VI.

O Eyes of Childhood! with thy blue supernal,
Fair, countless worlds are in thine azure deeps:
As spring hides summer 'neath her vesture vernal,
As skies hold stars and suns while nature sleeps:
What promise fair, what gleams of hope eternal
The gazer finds, and choice the vision keeps.

O N C H A M P A G N E W I N E

BY J. M. SANDERSON.

READ IN 'CENTURY' JOURNAL, MAY 3, 1856.

AN ardent admirer, from my earliest hobbledihoyhood, of that sparkling cup which cheers, and, I regret to add, sometimes inebriates, it was with more than ordinary gratification and pleasure I received and accepted an invitation from the principal of a well-known firm in the Champagne wine trade, to visit the city of Rheims, and post myself up in the secrets of this my favorite tippie. Accordingly, one fine day early in the month of June, in the year of grace 1855, I bestowed myself and my wardrobe on the cars of the 'Chemin de fer de Strasbourg,' and in due course reached my destination, was welcomed by my friend, and comfortably installed in my lodgings. After devoting the usual time to a proper and respectful examination of the town, its cathedral, its promenades, its monuments, and its inhabitants, I turned my attention to the principal object of my trip, and after a careful investigation, obtained the information herein set forth, which I trust may be as interesting to you in the hearing, as it was agreeable to me in the collecting.

Champagne wine, although indubitably a factitious article, holds in the estimation of wine-drinkers, physicians, and connoisseurs, a high place in the catalogue of beverages, its sparkling qualities and agreeable sweetness attracting the first, its diuretic and tonic properties rendering it valuable to the second, and its delicate flavor, delightful aroma, and refreshing bouquet endearing it to the third. But from the fact of its being a manufactured wine, there has been an attempt to throw around it a mantle of mystery which I have never, in my mind, been able to penetrate satisfactorily, either by reading the numerous books written on the subject, or by conversing with intelligent persons from the immediate locality. This mystery has been carefully fostered by persons interested in the manufacture or sale of the article, who, fearing the truth might possibly lessen the demand, when asked as to the *modus operandi*, have generally either flatly denied the addition of sugar and brandy, or if admitting it, asserted that it was only done occasionally, when, in consequence of a cold or wet season, the produce of any particular vintage did not possess sufficient saccharine matter or body, but on no account would they acknowledge this addition to be a matter of rule, and in fact necessity. This version has been handed down from one author to the other until finally it has grown into a belief, and as every other detail of the mode of manufacturing this wine has been clearly described by almost every writer on the subject, the only originality I can claim for my paper is the dissipation, in some degree, of this mystery, and the verification of another point, which, until this moment, has been denied, in some cases most em-

phatically, namely: that the produce of different localities are intermixed. To enable me, however, to do this understandingly, it will be necessary to travel lightly over the same ground as my predecessors, trusting, also, that among my hearers there may be some not as 'learned in the lore' of wine-making as others.

The vineyards of Champagne cover an expanse of territory of about thirty miles in length and two miles in breadth, thickly interspersed with gentle elevations and shallow streams, the river Marne, which passes through its entire length, being the exception. The vine generally employed is called the 'Pineau,' of which there are two varieties, the black and the white, the former, however, being the favorite. The grapes known as the 'Burgundy Grape' are of a rich, deep purple color, and in size resemble our chicken grapes. The soil in which they are planted is formed of a calcareous loam strongly impregnated with lime, and thickly incrustated with small stones. The location most sought after is the side of a hill, having a southern or southwestern exposure, of which the midway portion is preferred, the top and bottom being most liable to frosts and dampness. The vines are planted quite close together, and are but sparingly manured. After every vintage they are cut down close to the ground, leaving but three or four inches so as to preserve the eyes; the stump is then buried, and on the following year makes its appearance three or four inches higher up the hill; and on the new wood, which springs up, is produced the grape; some roots are known to be forty feet in length, and a few have reached the respectable age of two hundred years. The plant must be four years old before it will yield fruit; at six years it has attained its maturity; and at one hundred years will still produce good merchantable grapes. Every third year new vines are planted at the bottom of the hill, to replace those promoted by time and growth. A French vineyard possesses but slender claims to the picturesque. At the period of my visit the vines were about eighteen inches high, and consequently nothing met the eye but the thin sticks planted near each root, to which they are attached by bands of straw as soon as they are sufficiently high to cause the heads to droop. These sticks, having acquired, by long exposure to wind and weather, a hue somewhat between whitey-brown and sky-blue, give to the hill-side a dingy, furzy appearance, not at all calculated to call forth on the part of the observer either an eloquent or a poetic description. Late in the season, however, when the grapes have ripened, and the tops of the vines have covered their cerulean-hued supporters, the vast expanse of green foliage is at least refreshing to the eye, if nothing else. If the season has been favorable, each vine will produce from two to five small bunches, but when the reverse is the case, as was the vintage of 1855, a single bunch is with difficulty discovered. Many, on the contrary, yield no fruit; still the labor and attention can by no means be spared or relaxed, an unproductive vine requiring as much of both as its more richly-freighted neighbor, in hopes that on the following year it may make amends. The latter part of September and the beginning of October is generally the period chosen for gathering the grapes, an operation requiring the assistance not only of all the inhabitants of the district,

but affording also ample means of employment for an immense number of stragglers who rush in from every quarter. This event is by no means the pleasant, romantic, and picturesque affair we have been taught to think it, being, on the contrary, regular hard days' work and plenty of it. It must be done in a hurry, too, as a heavy rain or frost would be a great damage to the ripe grapes; therefore when the gathering commences, no delay is permitted in bringing it to a final close, and from all I can learn, and I state it for the benefit of my bachelor friends, the season of the vintage is not conducive to love-making, other authors to the contrary notwithstanding, the young females engaged therein being generally so fatigued after the labors of the day, and, I blush to add, *so dirty*, that the soft side of a plank is much preferred to the blandishments of Cupid, or worshipping at the shrine of his naughty mamma. After being picked, the bunches are carefully culled over by the old women of the establishment, and the choice ones being placed in casks containing one hundred litres—a litre being a fraction more than a quart—are sold to the buyers from the different houses, although in many instances a large proprietor will have his own *pressoir* or wine-press, through which, for a consideration; his poorer neighbors are permitted to pass the produce of their little patch. This system, however, is fast falling into disuse, as the better and heavier houses in the trade invariably object to purchasing in that shape, preferring much to buy the fruit in bunches, and make the pressings themselves. The press most generally used is the old-fashioned perpendicular affair, but of late years, among other improvements, the lateral press has been introduced, and when once used is invariably preferred.

When the grapes have been delivered to the purchaser, great care being taken to avoid any unnecessary motion, they are heaped up on the platform of the press, through the bottom of which openings are left for the rapid escape of the juice to the vats below, and that portion of it which is first produced without artificial pressure, and denominated 'the first droppings of the grape' is placed aside and reserved for the highest grades of wine, the quantity of which, of course, is very limited. The lever is then applied with moderate force so as not to discolor the wine by bruising and mashing the skins. This pressing furnishes wine of the first quality, known here as the Cabinet and Imperial brands; another turn of the screw produces material for the second quality wines, sold here at from twelve to fourteen dollars, and rejoices under an infinity of names and brands, whilst still another yields the lower quality, and finally, some white grapes being added, the screws are put on to their utmost tension, producing a strong, piquante, red wine, which is reserved for the use of the workmen of the establishment. The various pressings are then put into casks, properly marked, and stowed away until the first fermentation (which takes place almost immediately) is over, after which it is sacked and fined twice, and oftener if required, and, if the summer has been wet and cold, or the season backward, so that the wines are deficient of the required amount of the saccharine matter, a knowledge of which is arrived at not only by tasting, but also by the rise of an instrument

known as the 'Sacchometer,' the deficiency is made up by the addition of pure sugar candy. This, however, does not often happen, and is only resorted to when the juice gives unmistakable evidence of its necessity; and it is at this point, when Nature apparently languishes in a measure in her operations, that Art is called in to her assistance, both by the addition of foreign substances, and the intermixing of the produce of different localities. Redding, in his 'History of Modern Wines,' says: 'Mixtures are not often made of the effervescing wines. They generally remain the pure production of the spots the names of which they bear.' So far from this being true, exactly the reverse is the case, for no Champagne wine would be considered even second quality that did not possess delicacy of flavor, a well-defined bouquet, and a certain degree of body. To obtain these requisites it has been found absolutely necessary to commingle the produce of various vineyards, each of them possessing in an eminent degree one of these characteristics, and by this means infuse qualities into the wine artificially which cannot be acquired naturally. To achieve this satisfactorily, the taster of the establishment, who must, of course, possess a fine taste and approved palate, prepares a mixture by taking a certain portion of the juice from the Verzinay district as a basis, to which he adds a portion from the Aij or Bonzy vineyards; and another from those of Mareuil, Avizes, or possibly Epernay, carefully noting the proportion from each. This mixture is then tested and discussed, and if, in his judgment, it lacks delicacy, bouquet, or body, the quality lacking is furnished by the addition of so much of the product of that district possessing the required characteristic necessary to remedy the defect. It will thus be seen that a most important element in a good house is the possession of an accurate and experienced taster, for on his judgment and taste depends the character of an establishment and its brand of wine. The details of the mixture once arranged, a large vat or tun, holding from seventy-five to one hundred casks, is then filled, the same combinations being closely observed in the enlarged proportions, and the contents are thoroughly blended and amalgamated, so that every bottle of that *cuvée* or lot may be exactly alike. Formerly, and in some large establishments the practice holds good to this day, it was the custom, after ascertaining the proportions of the mixture, to effect the combination in casks containing one hundred and sixty litres, rendering it impossible to get more than two hundred bottles of uniform quality. To remedy this evil the huge tuns used in the Rheingan for equalizing the German wines were introduced, (by the old house of Mumm, Geisler & Co.) which not only removed the defect, but also, by rendering the other operations more perfect, materially improved the character of the wine. After a proper interval, the wine is drawn from this vat into hogsheads, and thence immediately put into bottles, which are placed away in deep cold cellars, constructed with great care and at heavy expense, expressly to receive them. Early in the spring they undergo the secondary fermentation, which produces the *mousse*, or sparkling qualities of the wine, and it is at this period that the carbonic acid gas, sometimes proving too powerful, causes the immense destruction of bottles and loss of wine, so large an item in the sum of expenses. Of

late years the average has been from twelve to fifteen per cent. ; in 1842 it reached the incredible amount of fifty per cent. Having been carefully corked, twined and wired, the bottles are stowed away on their sides, in lots of from one to twenty thousand, for the period of eighteen months, during which time a thick, muddy deposit is precipitated to the lower side of the bottle ; they are then placed in horizontal racks, perforated with holes so shaped that, place them in whatever inclination you may desire, they are always secure and firm ; and every day a workman, especially charged with that duty, shakes them gently, and at the same moment raises them slightly, until by slow degrees they obtain a perpendicular position, and the sediment finds its way to the neck of the bottle, accumulating on the end of the cork, leaving the wine as clear and as bright as crystal. In this position they can, and sometimes do, remain for years ; in fact, they are never removed from it, although such removal would entail no injury to the contents, until it is wanted for export or sale, as the wine will keep without deterioration, if unmixed with sugar, for at least twenty years, but after the sugar has been added it will depreciate sensibly in five or six years. The next operation is that of the *dégorgement*, or cleansing out of the sediment, which is the most difficult and delicate, as it is the most curious, requiring great skill and precision in the handling, for by this time the wine has become so highly effervescent, that in the hands of the unskillful and uninitiated it would either be made cloudy or every drop would suddenly quit the bottle. The practised *dégorgeur*, however, takes it carefully from its perpendicular position, and inclining it slightly, with its mouth towards the ground, divests it of the wire and twine, and, with an instrument resembling a brad-awl, quickly displaces the cork, which flies from its resting-place with a sharp report, carrying with it all the deposit, and a small portion of the wine ; seldom as much, however, as is necessary to give place for the liquor which is immediately afterwards added. Up to this moment, the wine generally, with the exception of such assistance as has already been mentioned, remains free from any artificial mixture, but on leaving the table of the *dégorgeur*, it passes at once into the hands of the mixer, who adds to each bottle, according to the country it is to be sent to, from eight to twenty-two per cent of a liquor composed of crystallized sugar candy of the finest quality, dissolved in wine of a character especially intended for this use, and a certain per centage of very fine old Champagne brandy, for which a fabulous price is paid. For America the allowance of brandy is never over one per cent, whilst for England three and sometimes four is added. For the Parisian consumption one per cent is also the quota, but for Russia and Germany a very spirituous wine is employed instead. As the addition of the liquor is greater than the escape of wine and deposit, the necessary quantity is generally poured out into bottles which are slightly fortified, and sold to the Parisian restaurateurs, who readily retail it, under the name of 'Tisanne,' at four francs the bottle.

In defense of this addition of sugar and spirits, it is alleged that it is employed not only to give sweetness and body to the wine, but also that it is absolutely necessary for the purpose of destroying certain dele-

terious qualities appertaining to it in its natural state, which, unchanged, would render it both disagreeable and unhealthy ; in other words, that a certain quantity of sugar is required to correct the *malic acid* which forms a constituent element of the wine, which, if drank pure, would inevitably cause in the stomach of the imbiber thereof, a sensation painfully reminding him of the 'belly-ache' of his boyhood. From the mixer the bottle passes to the corker, who, with the aid of a powerful lever, reduces the cork, which is previously soaked in wine, to about half its original size, and forces it into its place ; it is then secured by twine and wire, which gives it the knobby-looking head it possesses when released from its prison by the consumer ; and finally, after being tin-foiled or leaded, as the case may be, and labelled, it is packed away in cases or baskets to await orders for shipment. The average day's work of a large establishment is one thousand bottles. The report of the Minister of the Interior states that the annual export of genuine Champagne wine is about thirteen millions of bottles, which are distributed as follows : To Germany, which includes Austria, Prussia, and all the States belonging to the Germanic Confederation, between four and five millions. To America the exportation amounts to very nearly three millions, and to Russia about two millions. In France and Belgium the consumption averages about two millions, while in England the demand is very limited, seldom exceeding half-a-million, leaving about a million and a half for the rest of mankind. The class of wines sent to Russia and Germany, as a general rule, are of the first quality, possessing delicacy of flavor, light body, and highly effervescing, with from eighteen to twenty-two per cent of sugar. In America, which offers no fixed standard of taste, every grade and quality, from the Heidsieck, with its eighteen per cent of sweetened liquor, to the 'Grand Vin' of Moët, with its two per cent of brandy *à l'Anglaise*, are exported, and find admirers and advocates. The general standard of the first-class houses, however, is from fourteen to sixteen per cent, (and an experiment is now being made by the well-known firm of G. H. Mumm & Co., to introduce into this market an article with but a moiety of the usual addition of sugar, approaching, as near as possible, to the French standard, which ranges from eight to twelve per cent.) To England, however, is sent the driest, strongest, and poorest quality of wine, for although an English wine-merchant will assure you that he receives none but wine of the first quality, it is a notorious fact, in the Champagne district, that an order for any thing above the third quality rarely finds its way from London, and as no labels are permitted on wine intended for that market, the manufacturer has no means of designating the true quality to the consumer, who is thus left to the mercy of the dealers, who are, beyond contradiction, as a class, the greatest rogues in Christendom.

Of late years it has been the fashion, on the part of would-be wine oracles and pseudo-connoisseurs to talk learnedly and inveigh bitterly against what they are pleased to term 'the extraordinary depreciation in the quality of Champagne wine,' some of them even going so far as to assert they do n't believe 'there is a single bottle of genuine wine ever reaches our shores,' quoting, in substantiation of their dictum, their recollections of

the 'celebrated I. C. Champagne,' the 'famed Cornet brand,' and a host of fancy names 'long since dead and passed away,' any of which could be had for fourteen dollars or less. In the 'dollar sense' of the case, these gentlemen are very nearly right, but they forget that during that same period of time, flour, 'the staff of life,' to quote that elegant remark of the classic Baggs, 'is n't what it use to was,' and it is vividly within the recollection of many suffering house-keepers, that a shilling loaf of bread, twenty years ago, was esteemed food enough for a growing family, while now it barely suffices to stay the stomach of a sturdy stripling. But that feeling fact certainly does not prove that the Genessee of to-day is inferior to the common brands of other and cheaper times, nor is it a convincing argument that the bakers of yore had more conscience than the modern dough-faces, or still less that Young America is a better feeder than his father; it simply demonstrates that the demand is greater than the supply, and, as an inevitable consequence, prices go up or quality goes down, just as naturally as water finds its level, or that two and two make four. Now, apply the same rule to Champagne wine, and you have the same result, for how is it possible that, with a limited and frequently a diminished supply of the raw material, and a constantly increasing demand for the manufactured article, prices and quality should remain stationary. It certainly can not be supposed that gentlemen engaged in the wine trade are going to invest from one to five hundred thousand dollars of capital, merely for the fun of hearing the corks pop, and as it is impossible for them to export *profitably* the same article which cost them in 1846 (the most famous vintage on record) at the rate of *four sous the bottle*, for which they now pay *forty sous*, and sell it at the same price, it will readily be understood why first-quality wine has appreciated in price, and why fourteen dollars now will not buy the same wine as it did years ago. If gentlemen must have the best article, they have got to pay for it, and, comparing it with every other article of trade or consumption, subject to the same vicissitudes, at eighteen or twenty dollars the dozen, it does not yield as liberal a profit as when sold at the minimum price so pathetically lamented for by the old fogies in question. Ten years ago the connoisseur placed before his cherished gastronomical chums, claret of the *premiere cue* at fifteen dollars the dozen, brandy of a fabulous age and undoubted purity, at five dollars the gallon, and segars of the choicest brands and most delicious fragrance, at fifty dollars the thousand. Why, then, should he object to pay twenty-five dollars a case for the best Champagne, which the great De Thou so appropriately termed 'Vinum Dei.'

But, at the same time, I would not be understood to say that a very fair wine, good enough for any man's drinking, cannot be had at the stereotyped price of fourteen dollars. On the contrary, there are several brands sent to this market, and held at that price, which have puzzled many excellent judges, even when placed in competition with higher grades; but I do maintain that, under that price, the thing is impossible, and as Champagne is somewhat

'LIKE JEREMIAH'S figs,
The good are very good, the bad *too* bad to give the pigs,'

the consumer had better err on the right side by buying the very best, as he may rest well assured that neither his friends nor his stomach ever find fault with a wine for being too good. Much more could be said and written on this genial topic, but although the subject is not exhausted, the audience probably are, so we will rest here for the present.

C O M M O D O R E S T E W A R T .

BY L. J. BATES.

THE gale, with fierce wild laughter, sweeps the ocean and the wood,
And the rain comes pouring after, in a rude and rushing flood :
The elements are sounding their war-cry on the main,
But the glory of the tempest may never come again.

What joy it was to battle with the armies of the storm,
To hear the cannon-rattle of the lightnings red and warm :
Still the victor frigate flying in her triumph o'er the main,
But the glory of the tempest may never come again.

Ah ! beneath her streaming pennon, with its star-lit field of blue,
And around her black-mouthed cannon, many a spirit brave and true
Long shall mourn the ancient leader and his kindly smile in vain,
For the glory of the tempest may never come again.

How they gloried in his bearing in the days of long ago,
When the terror of his daring blanched the faces of the foe :
When the world stood still to listen as his cannon shook the main,
But the glory of the tempest may never come again.

Ah ! thou brave old heart of iron ! Time hath touched thy cords with rust,
And the years thy fame environ with forgetfulness and dust :
Brave old Ironsides no longer is the monarch of the main,
And the glory of the tempest may never come again.

Like a dream of many summers, like a tale too often told,
In the past your glory slumbers and your fame is growing old ;
Hide thy gray hairs from the present, for the past appeals in vain,
And the glory of the tempest may never come again.

To the lives that are immortal with the bravest and the best,
Enter through the open portal, write your deeds among the rest :
One more name on Fame's dread records, Death shall strike the golden chain,
And the glory of the tempest thrill the world's great heart again !

Grand Rapids, (Mich.), Nov. 14, 1855.

S P R I N G , A U T U M N , A N D E T E R N I T Y .

‘He hath made every thing beautiful in his time.’ — ECCLESIASTES 3 : 11.

THERE are two things I dearly love,
In nature's circling year,
Which lift my spirit far above
The weight of earthly care :
They bring before my eager view
The brightness of a home,
Where all their loveliness is true,
Nor change can ever come.

The early times of Spring's first hours,
Bring freshness to the heart ;
They rouse the wearied spirit's powers,
And sweeter life impart :
Her dancing breezes gently woo
The blossoms of the rose,
All wet with sparkling morning dew,
Their petals to inclose.

The weary sufferer of pain,
The bowed with care or grief,
Hail her returning once again,
With hopes of sweet relief :
Spring hours cannot fail to bring
Calm and consoling thought,
Her many voices ever sing
Of joy to mortals brought.

But how, O Autumn ! shall I dare
To paint thy gorgeous hues ;
The softness of thy morning air,
Thine evening's pearly dews ;
The solemn grandeur of thy night,
Whose starry crown is set
With gems more radiantly bright,
Than earthly coronet ?

The glory of thy sunset hour,
When all is calm and still,
Brings full conviction of the POWER
That heaven and earth doth fill ;
Oh ! who can gaze upon thy skies,
As twilight shades them o'er,
And not from earthly dreamings rise,
Their MAKER to adore ?

The wreath of fading Summer flowers
Is yet upon thy brow,
But all the mirth of Summer hours
Is changed to sadness now.

And yet, upon thy dying head,
 A solemn beauty lies,
 More glorious than the riches spread
 'Neath Summer's glowing skies.

Ever, O Autumn! shalt *thou* be
 To *us*, an emblem meet
 Of spirits sinking peacefully
 To slumber calm and sweet;
 Though *thy* delights not long may last,
 Yet *ours* shall still increase:
Thy reign be soon for ever past,
 But *ours* shall never cease.

Ah! not like thee shall pass away,
 The Christian's hope and joy:
 We look for an eternal day,
 And bliss without alloy—
 For glories hid from mortal sight,
 Revealed in realms above—
 For fadeless crowns of heavenly light,
 And perfectness of love.

Charleston, S. C., May, 1856.

OAKFIELDS: MY LAST PILGRIMAGE THERETO.

'THERE are some heart-entwining hours in life,
 With sweet, seraphic inspiration rife;
 Then mellowing thoughts, like music on the ear,
 Melt through the soul and revel in a tear;
 And such are they, when, tranquil and alone,
 We sit and ponder on long periods flown;
 And, charmed by fancy's retrospective gaze,
 Live in an atmosphere of other days:
 Till friends and faces flashing on the mind,
 Conceal the havoc time has left behind.'

THE whistle blew, the train slackened its speed, and I was once again in Oakfields—the scene of my boarding-school days. I was just twenty-three; I had finished what the worthy Mrs. Partington would call 'book-studies'; I had yet to learn many pungent lessons, not taught in books; and was all impatience to engage in the conflicts of 'real life.' I had visited Oakfields but once since I had ceased to be a member of Mr. Lawson's family, and, as I stood on the platform of the depot, and cast my eyes over the village, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'How changed!'

On the May morning, in the year 18—, when I first beheld this little village, nestled cosily at the foot of the — Mountains, no screeching car-whistles or factory-bells disturbed its sweet peacefulness.

The rickety old stage that was dragged twice a week over a rough turnpike to a neighboring city, thus forming the only connection with the rest of the world the denizens of Oakfields enjoyed, was supplanted

by an impatient, bustling engine that now almost hourly dashes up before a neat little depot, as if perfectly conscious of the fact that he is an intimate friend of YOUNG AMERICA, and the son of that worthy sire—PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION. The old store, whereat we boys were used to congregate on Saturday afternoons to lay in a stock of candies and sugar-cakes for the approaching Sabbath, was replaced by a large, city-fied-looking building, which I did not like at all. Its windows contained no glass jars filled with sweet temptations for a straggling school-boy who might chance to pass by ; and I saw no group assembled on the stoop to survey the coveted contents of the show-case, and deplore the physicked condition of their purses. In the stead of fish-hooks, Jews-harps and candies, were now exhibited calicoes, delaines, silks and gaudy ribbons, which serve as powerful magnets to draw together daily the shopping sisterhood of Oakfields. Sad degeneracy !

I walked on slowly up the street, but recognized no familiar face. I stepped into the old white-haired shoe-maker's ; he was not in his low, backless seat by the window. They told me he was dead. I left, wondering how he had got along with his huge budget of broken promises !

The tailor's shop was a little farther on, but the one-legged tailor, who once sold me an old coat for a new one, was not there. He had followed in the wake of his pious neighbor, the shoe-maker !

I met several, but their faces were all new.

Here, where but a few years ago all were familiar, now all were strangers. A feeling of sadness took possession of me, and almost unconsciously I repeated those beautiful lines of Scott :

'Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be !
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight ! Time rolls his ceaseless course.'

But yes ! there was one thing that looked as of old. Yes ! there it stood — the old brown-stone church ! The same block of marble was over the door, with 1796 roughly chiselled upon it, and there, sloping gently from the great door, was the long village-green, as fresh and verdant as when we boys of a Saturday afternoon were wont to play at wicket on the velvet green-sward. And there, too, just across the green, was the neat little parsonage, and a short way from it the Female Seminary. Allow me, *en passant*, to remark that this same Female Seminary was a most worthy institution ! and at its upper windows used to sit strong attractions for the 'Institute boys,' who much delighted in promenading up and down the green before them. And it is quite natural to suppose that a fluttering of handkerchiefs from the windows was not greatly calculated to lessen the power of these attractions, or prevent as vehement a fluttering of hearts.

Night was fast approaching, and I walked on rapidly past the Semi-

nary, past the church, past the grave-yard, and there looming up through the thickly foliated trees to my sight was Oakfields Institute. I stopped short as the old building came in full sight. For an instant the wheels of time seemed to cease their onward course and roll back from past to present ! I was once more a boy of seventeen and a scholar within those walls. Old friends and familiar faces came rushing back upon me, and I lived in 'an atmosphere of other days.' Lizzie's came too. I could not be mistaken ; those sweet blue eyes were hers, and so that sunny hair ; there was the same slight bending forward of the head, the same modest falling of the eyes ; she had the same bewitching air of melancholy about her every movement, the same tell-tale blush of maiden modesty flushed her cheek, and for all the world she looked as when we sat those summer evenings by her father's cabinet window, and our souls, hand in hand, crossed the boundaries of Now, and built on the vast plains of the FUTURE airy castles for us to revel in ! But those meetings were few. Mr. Lawson was a stern, unimpassioned man, and would have *raved terribly*, as Lizzie used to say, had he known that, while he was in bed and in sweet slavery to Morpheus, noiseless conferences were being held almost directly under his head. But he did n't know any such thing ; and conferences were held after the identical Know-Nothing style ! And what a happy, heedless Know-Nothing I was ! The morrow — I never thought of it only in so much as it was to bring me with my idol ! Trouble — the word never entered my brainless head ! I saw nothing, thought of nothing, dreamt of nothing, but LOVE, and the happiness which I imagined invariably kept it company ! Books were lain aside, study hours were spent in covering a half-dozen sheets of foolscap with a *name* ; the bell for meals was disregarded, — eat ! why should I eat ? The hour for retiring was forgotten, or disregarded, and so that for rising. It could hardly be said of me that I 'lived, moved and had my being.' I was too happy to live, and was in a fair way of hanging myself out of sheer happiness !

Somebody loaned me a novel — I forgot its title or author, but, at any rate, it overflowed with *agony*, and a deal of it run into me ! I was absolutely drunk with passion. No impossibilities were recognized at my court. I could do any thing and every thing at *her* slightest nod. I could circumnavigate the globe in a hen-coop, scale Mont Blanc in mid-winter, and, throwing 'full defiance' in the face of avalanches, brave their mightiest tumblings ! All — all would I do for her sake !

'I WOULD out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling-cub from the she-bear ;
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey !'

I felt that language was too lean to express my devotion, and I longed for an opportunity to demonstrate it by deeds. Oh ! thought I, if Oakfield Institute would but blaze and burn on some dark, terrific night ; if winds would howl, thunders roll, and lightnings flash, and, as timber after timber fell crashing through the ruins, the escaped family would shout, and cry, and wail, and a terror-stricken mother would faint

moaning the name of the fair daughter who slept in the burning building, how I would spring forward 'to the rescue!' how I would combat with flame and smoke, and, with burning clothes and hair on fire, fight my way through falling timbers to her bed-chamber, and grasping the dying girl descend the tottering stairs, shielding her from a falling timber with my own strong head; and as the crowd, heart-sick, cried out, 'They are lost!' I would leap forth from the burning mass, and laying my precious burden at the feet of her despairing parents, sink down upon the ground—not dead, but near it! Then for months I would toss on a 'feverish couch,' with the lovely being I had snatched from 'the jaws of death' as my only nurse! and then health would be restored, and then, why, of course, what else but a marriage! Oh! it was a woeful disappointment when, like ambitious Icarus, I flew too high on the strength of wax wings and came down again in as summary manner as did that personage, to find all this, instead of being a joyous reality, but the phantasma of a school-boy in love! But I devoured the contents of another yellow-covered novel, and I was up again as high as before. In this happy lunacy did I luxuriate for two years! We met seldom, to be sure—but those meetings! Even now, with twenty years intervening, the remembrance of them rekindles the ardor, and reanimates the happiness, of those stolen moments. In that remembrance I re-live the happiest days of my life. But the last of those days came, and I took my departure from Oakfields. In a month I was in quasi possession of half a corner in the law office of Judge N —, in the city of New-York, and enjoying the use of an old, worn-out copy of Chitty's Blackstone.

Time passed rapidly enough. I met occasionally in the street some straggling denizen of Oakfields, and learned therefrom the state of the crops, the death or marriage of some villager, or the good dominie's health. But what cared I for the dominie's health, or the crops, or any thing, or any body, save — well, you know?

Months had now passed, and I longed to visit the dear old Institute. I took advantage of an opportunity which presented itself, and left the city to spend a night beneath her old roof. We sat again heart to heart and hand in hand by the cabinet window — (*that* window!) The evening was befitting the occasion. The full-orbed moon rode in a cloudless sky, and her soft rays stole through the thick foliage of the great apple-tree which shaded the window, and filled the apartment with that soft, bewitching light so productive of loving thoughts and chivalrous deeds. A gentle breeze was frisking among the flowers of the garden, and the leaves of the great tree by the window shooting ever and anon through the half-opened shutters, and scattering the ringlets which lay upon my breast. That was a happy, holy hour! Not a word was spoken, not a glance exchanged. Her head reclining on my shoulder, she gazed fixedly on the broad, star-gemmed heavens, and I drank years of delight in looking upon her sweet face — my only heaven. But clouds seemed to hover over it, and as they grew blacker, and threatened to burst with their load of sorrow, I drew her closer to my heart, and eagerly sought the cause. Those dark eyes slowly fell,

and I saw a tear steal down her pale cheek. My heart was too full for utterance. Again I pressed her closer to my heart, and eagerly asked the cause of this sudden sorrow. She raised her tearful eyes, and gazed full in mine.

‘Frank,’ — a pause — ‘Frank — Frank, is this right?’ She placed her hand in mine.

‘What right, Lizzie?’

‘Ought I thus to disregard the dearest wishes of my parents’ — a stifled sob — ‘Ought I thus to deceive —’

She could say no more; her eyes filled with tears; she flung her arms around my neck. Amid her sobs I indistinctly heard, ‘Something tells me it is wrong!’ I fully comprehended her meaning. The REVEREND MRS. LAWSON was a devout believer in the doctrine that ‘Conscience is a sure moral guide!’ Instilling this doctrine into the minds of her children at an early age, she manufactured for them ‘a conscience’ by setting down with mathematical precision the deeds that are good and those that are evil, her own wise self being the judge. So that they, in following the dictates of ‘their consciences’ but obeyed the dictum of their, no doubt, well-wishing mother. ‘Obey your parents in *all* things!’ was, of course, paramount to all other commandments on the schedule of this pious woman. Lizzie knew well that loving me — *me*, a wild, harum-scarum scapegrace; *me*, who was once actually seen entering the village tavern; *me*, who had smoked a cigar, it being demonstrated to a mathematical certainty by a respectable maiden lady in the neighborhood; and, as much as all, *me*, who often went to sleep under the powerful (!) preaching of the Rev. Mr. Lawson — *love me!* She well knew what a flagrant infringement of that commandment her beloved mother would consider it. So ‘her conscience’ told her it was wrong! And a darling sister, who had unfortunately discovered our interesting relations, and who was so egregiously homely and hateful that none dare come within a rod of her, and with true dog-like nature, was decidedly opposed to having any body entertain any affectionate regards for her sister, backed this noble conscientiousness by expressing the most profound admiration! Nightly this beloved sister regaled her bed-companion with a sermon on the sinfulness of exercising the heart-promptings God had given her, or, as she expressed it, loving ‘that worthless fellow.’ It was something in this strain: You love *him*; you know *Pa* and *Ma* would disapprove it did they know it, and you were not deceiving them, as you *are*. Disobeying and deceiving them is disobeying God, and disobeying God is sure destruction. *Therefore*, loving *him* will send your soul to everlasting punishment! Then, to sum up all, and bring the question to a focus, *which will you take, Heaven or Frank Doolittle?* Such a categorical, and, as was believed, soul-interesting query, put by an only, loved and elder sister to a confiding girl of sixteen, without a shadow of self-will, was one not easily to be answered by the latter. For days and months a fierce conflict raged within. She loved ‘him’ — loved him as her life; she knew her affection was reciprocated. How many were her hopes! How great the happiness she had pictured in her

fancy! And must they now be trampled ruthlessly in the dust? Yet, is not the happiness of eternity more to be desired than that of a few transient years here in life? She shuddered at her sinfulness in doubting which to choose. Then came the face of 'him'; she remembered some word he had whispered in her ear; she stole to her room and took from the corner of her drawer a miniature, and then she would waver in her decision.

Many were the hours she wept and prayed, with no friend to offer a consoling word or look, but only a sister to torture her with rehearsals of the wickedness of 'that loafer!' By day she walked about, seemingly unconscious of surrounding objects, and gazing absently on the ground. Her conduct elicited the remarks of her companions, and numerous insinuations from her mother. By night she sobbed and prayed, but never slept! Fearing she might have some misgivings as to the sinfulness of loving 'that wretch,' the elder sister would rehearse anew the logical demonstration, adding each time a report that had arrived from New-York! At this juncture the subject of these reports made his appearance in Oakfields. Mary Lawson scowled and turned up her nose; Mrs. Lawson remarked that I must think a good deal of *them*, and her mouth shut like the door of a salamander safe; Mr. Lawson was rejoiced to know I had not come as a pupil; and Lizzie Lawson could scarcely refrain from crying for joy.

'Night comes on apace.'

Mrs. Lawson takes hold of Mr. Lawson's coat-collar, and, without much concern about their guest finding a sleeping-place, travel up to bed, and *I travel into my apartment* — mine for an hour at least — the cabinet! Little feet were heard cautiously descending the stairs; the door softly opened, and we were in each other's embrace! Where was her decision? She did n't know. But her conscience (that is, the injunction of her sister) prompted her to look for it, and show it to me. She commenced, and with tearful eyes told me the conflict that raged within her breast, her doubts and fears, her wish to love God and her parents, and at the same time love me, (loving God and mammon,) the advice of her sister, and the light in which I was regarded by her parents and friends, and then — *asked my advice!* The angel! who could help loving her as she raised her tearful eyes and asked in a sorrowful tone, 'O Frank! what shall I do?'

Who will chide me for loving Lizzie Lawson? 'But, Lizzie,' I asked, in as calm a voice as I could assume, 'why do you think it wrong to love me?'

'Oh! do n't ask me, Frank! I do n't think it is — that is — I mean — Mary — mother — O Frank!' and burying her face in her hands, she wept aloud.

A train of curious emotions flitted through my breast. I felt mad, bloodthirsty; I wanted to sack the house, and hang the unappreciating wretches who snored beneath its roof; then I settled into pity, then into admiration. She slowly raised her head and wiped away the truant tears.

'I do n't think they will always have so ill an opinion of you, dear Frank,' she said, struggling with her tears.

'I hope not at least, Lizzie ; and do you not think that in after years, when I shall have reached the age and stature of manhood, and by my conduct, put to the lie all these reports, and drowned all ill opinions in my improvements — do you not think that *then* they would consent to our marrying ?'

'Ye—yes, I think they would.'

'Then, Lizzie, let's cast anchor, and await patiently the arrival of that hopeful breeze which is to carry us into a safe harbor. Our boats will be separated for a while, Lizzie, but be assured they will meet again, and, linked together, ride fearlessly against the boisterous squalls that constantly beset the pathway of life's voyagers ! Be cheerful ! be hopeful ! I shall use all human means to make myself worthy of my guiding-star in life, and acceptable in the eyes of your —'

My speech was brought to a sudden close by the sound of foot-falls. Lizzie sprang from my arms, and in the twinkling of an eye was in her bed-chamber. The foot-falls were just no foot-falls at all, and I stretched myself on a settee to dream the night away. Morning came. Breakfast was soon dispatched. The stage was waiting at the gate, and, springing into it, I left the scene so closely interwoven with the dreams and hopes of my life, without the courage to whisper a parting word in the ear of the sweet girl to whose affection, 'pure as the loves of angels,' I owed the cup of happiness I had quaffed for so many months.

We met no more for years.

Again I was in my corner, and engaged with youthful ardor in pursuit of the profession I had chosen. It is quite unnecessary, however, to record here the efforts I put forth for the accomplishment of those ends, only which would admit me to the bosom of that august family of the Lawsons. Suffice it, then, to say that no lecture was unattended ; no avenue in which were means of improvement, moral or intellectual, was left unexplored ; the strictest watchfulness was kept on every word and deed, that no evil report might reach the willing ear of Mary Lawson ; invitations to parties and champagne suppers — then, as now, in vogue with the *bloods* — were declined, I thereby challenging, and receiving, too, the jeers of former companions, who seemed to have become thoroughly disgusted with me. I didn't blame them. And, moreover, my deportment in the sublime presence of Mr. Henry Lawson — a very learned brother — was the quintessence of decorum and respect for his towering superiority, never failing to inquire after the health of his beloved mother.

The reader — if any there be who have taken the pains to glance at this crude lucubration — was never, perhaps, of a wild, romantic, impetuous nature, ill-brooking the finger of contempt, and in abundant possession of the various qualities succinctly expressed in the word *deviltry*. If he never was, I regret it exceedingly, as he is entirely unable to appreciate these efforts and humiliating sacrifices. But the object to be attained ! It ever stood at my shoulder, and whispered words of encouragement in my ear ! I felt I was doing a noble work ; I looked forward with inexpressible delight to the sphere I was striving to enter, where I felt confident the highest and proudest honors ultimately

awaited me ! Then my poor mother would have a home, and spend the remaining days of her life in peace and happiness ; and there was an only sister who would be able to acquire an education, and, perhaps, procure a splendid alliance by my high position ! And then, thrice more than all, that pair of blue eyes !

Say, reader, could I not well dispense with my former mercurial comrades for the companionship of such dreams ? The reader must, by this time, be thoroughly convinced that the writer has been a dreamer from his infancy. But of all my dreams — and I have had not a few in my time — none was so delightful as this.

And now had come the day ! I had continued my studies with unremitting zeal ; I was admitted to the bar of the Empire State ; I had become the partner of my old preceptor, Judge N —, and I was ready to go to Oakfields to receive the reward of years of effort, and the realization of long-cherished dreams. I had n't read a novel since I left school ; the stern *substance* of law-books had taken their place, and given somewhat of their reality and stability to an ever-changing, passionate nature.

The enthusiasm of youth had settled into a calm, fixed *love* ! How my heart beat as I sprang from the cars, and beheld in the distance the chimneys of Oakfields Institute rising above the trees !

Now we're precisely like our good landlady's pussy-cat in pursuit of her tail — we're just where we started ! So, let's strike a tangent, and land on the wide steps leading to the front door of the Institute ! We pull the bell. No response. Again we grasp the bell-knob. Oh ! where are those confounded Biddies ! I can't stand still. My heart has a fit of the chills. But hark ! the door opens.

'Goodness, gracious ! Who'd e'er a thought ? Why, Master Frank, how d'ye do ?' It was Bridget, the same old soul who used to loan me the key of the pantry. Duly saluting Bridget, and shaking her big hand, I was shown into the 'back parlor,' where the family were congregated. A volley of salutations greeted my entrance. Mr. Lawson quickly arose from his seat on a sofa, and was 'very glad to see me !' Mrs. Lawson, after a deal of fuss, picked herself out of her rocking-chair, and was also glad to see me back to the old Institute ! Miss Mary Lawson rose from her lounging posture beside her mother, and taking a stand between the piano-stool and myself, informed me that I was somewhat a stranger ! But there was another. What was that family without that *another* ! She had quietly slipped from the stool and taken a seat on an ottoman at the end of the piano. I almost pushed aside the jealous sister, and grasped the hand of my love, my life — Lizzie Lawson ! She arose from her seat, her hand laying like a stone in mine, and said : 'How do you do, Mr. Doolittle ?' and sat down. What a change was there ! Girlhood had passed ; she was a woman. Her cheek —

'Oh ! call it fair, not pale' —

had lost much of its rosy hue, and the bewitching dimple in her chin, that always smiled when you approached, had gone. But her regular

features, clear complexion, eyes that had not lost a whit of their brightness, and fine form, now fully matured, more than compensated for these losses, and in that single glance I felt almost repaid for my exertions. Mr. Lawson suddenly broke out, and I took a seat near him.

'You are quite a stranger, Mr. Doolittle; I think you have been here but once since you left, have you?'

Mrs. Lawson was *always* a kind-hearted lady; she answered the question:

'No; he has been here but once since; why, Mr. Doolittle, (great stress on the *Mr.*) you have really slighted us; but then, I don't know, I s'pose you *city folks* have enough to think about besides old acquaintances and *country folks*; and' — I was going to tell all she said, but Lord! it would take a quire of foolscap, and a deal more patience, so I stop short. The evening wore on. I could not keep my eyes from that ottoman! How sweet, I thought, she looked as she sat there, her delicate fingers busily engaged on a piece of embroidery; but I had the unparalleled presumption to imagine her mind was not particularly engaged thereon! The old clock in the kitchen gave ten hysterical strokes on its cracked bell; the evening devotions were had, and I was shown my sleeping apartment. As I stood in the door, lamp in hand, and bade the family a good-night, Lizzie raised her head, and I thought I heard her say 'good-night.' An ecstatic delight thrilled my whole being as I looked on the lovely face, and my heart whispered, 'She is mine!' In my happiness I took that unblushing, smileless face for that of *my* Lizzie Lawson. It was not *hers*!

I slept, that is, I dreamed the night away, and morning came bright and glorious. The warm rays of the sun, streaming in at the window, awoke me at an early hour, and I arose. Several books lay on the table, and I took up a small edition of Shakspeare. We boys had once on an 'exhibition' — what school-boy don't remember those times — spoken (and tried to act) the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, I having the part of Brutus. I instantly turned to that play and read over the parts. What forms and faces flocked around me! Almost every line recalled some trivial and long-forgotten incident. I read on, part after part. An indescribable *something* took possession of me as I read—

'Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucillus,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of the mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial,' etc.

There was no time for reflection on this well-remembered passage, for the breakfast-bell rang, and I hastened to the dining-room in the hope of finding Lizzie there alone. They were all there but her! To my inquiries, her sister answered in her sharp voice, 'She is quite unwell, sir.'

Two hours thereafter I was seated in the back parlor. Miss Mary

Lawson occupied the sofa not far from me. As near as I am able to recollect, the conversation ran thus : To my further inquiries as to Lizzie she replied : ' Yes sir, she is quite unwell, but nothing serious, I think, sir.' Her effort to speak in a more agreeable tone of voice, and appear a little womanly, was not wholly ineffectual. I then absently remarked, more to myself than her, ' I regret it exceedingly, as I wished to speak with her on a very interesting — that is I — I —'

' Yes sir, she anticipated it.' How very coolly she said that ! and how *very* coolly she continued : ' And she wished me to say to you that she had no desire to open again the relations which have been so long discontinued !'

If she had hurled the piano at my head I should have been simply astonished, but in this case I was thunderstruck ! I don't know, surely, how I looked, or what I said, but I must have exhibited some signs of surprise, for Miss L. continued, with the nonchalance of the veriest stoic who ever sat under the nose of Zeno :

' Surely, sir, you cannot be surprised that years of silence and absence on your part, and evident neglect, should have destroyed the foolish fancies of youth, and changed the tastes of thoughtless girlhood !'

I did not spring from my chair and pace the floor, or pull my hair, or rant and rave as I would have done *once*, but I sat steadily in my chair, looked the speaker full in the face, and when she had done, I asked very calmly if it were possible for me to see ' Miss Lawson.' I was informed that it was the wish of that lady not to see me, and, moreover, that seeing her would avail nothing, as there were *other* considerations that weighed against me : such as, for instance, I was not a man of education, or, in other words, I had not spent four years within the walls of a college ; another and weighty consideration was, that I practised the profession of law, or I was a *lawyer*, which term in the remarkable mental vision of the Lawson family was synonymous with liar, villain, cut-throat ; another was that I lived in New-York, and New-York having within its borders many temptations, (especially for such an innocent young man as I had ever been !) I must have *de nécessité* yielded to their treacherous charms, and consequently was totally unworthy of an admittance into the family of the Lawsons. These, with many more, were cast into the scale, and Mr. Doolittle was found wanting !

I essayed to explain the cause of my non-appearance at Oakfields ; to declare my constancy and unremitting efforts for the attainment of that coveted worthiness, and to avow how valueless I looked upon life without the idol of my boyhood as of my manhood ; but it was casting pearls before swine ! I began to feel ashamed of myself for stooping so low as to dally and plead with this proud, selfish spinster, and stopped unceremoniously, seeing with clearer vision than I had enjoyed the preceding evening that these accusations on the part of Mary Lawson were but rude breast-works of defense for the loveless heart of her sister. I might have judged harshly — doubtless I did. I have often thought since I might have been mistaken in thinking thus of her in whom I had seen naught but to love, to cherish, to worship.

But the fiat was pronounced : it shall be obeyed. This was no easy matter. I could not look composedly on this sundering of the sweet bonds that had so long entwined my heart. The cold manner of Lizzie on the preceding evening stared me in the face ; Lizzie Lawson not love me ! the dreams and hopes of so many years destroyed ! The thought was too intolerable for a nature so sensitive as mine.

I began to lose my self-possession ; the past, the present, the future were dark — hopeless ; the room, the yard — every thing wore a hateful look ; I gazed upon the calm, unruffled face before me as the root of all this. I rose from my seat. My progress to the door was restrained by the harsh voice of Miss Lawson :

‘ Lizzie has wished me, Mr. Doolittle, to hand you your miniature, and request hers if you have it with you.’

I mechanically placed my hand in the breast-pocket of my coat, and drew forth the miniature I had carried and caressed for six long, happy years. Handing it to her, she gave me mine, and passed out of the door.

I looked after her a moment, and then sat down. I glanced at the miniature ; it was that of a grinning, thoughtless boy of seventeen. The smooth boy-face gave rise to many pleasant — no ! painful now — recollections, and gave to my vision a truer sight of the contrast between Now and Then. In the fullness of my heart, I murmured, in the exquisite imagery of Barry Cornwall :

‘ I SEEM to go
Calmly, yet with a melancholy step,
Onward and onward. Is there not a tale
Of some man (an Arabian as I think)
Who sailed upon the wide sea many days,
Tossing about, the sport of the winds and waters,
Until he saw an isle, toward which his ship
Suddenly turned ? there is : and he was drawn,
As if by a magnet, on, slowly, until
The vessel neared the isle ; and then it flew
Quick as a shooting star, and dashed itself
To pieces. Methinks I am that man.’

I had toiled and struggled long to grasp a coveted jewel, and when I had it but in my hand, heartless Fate snatched it from me ! Hope led me on with beckoning finger, and whispered in my ear sweet stories of future happiness ! Say, where is it now ? There was no answer. I rose and passed out the door to Mr. Lawson’s study, muttering with a heart overflowing with emotion, ‘ Thus hope allures, deceives, and damns ! ’ I conjured up some excuse for my sudden departure, and left the scene where had been spent the aroma of my life, never to return ! I turned to take one last, lingering look of the old Institute, as I passed out the gate.

In one of the upper windows I beheld the pale, lovely face of — : I cannot write the name : pardon this womanish emotion — years have softened my heart. The sweet face, like all my dreams, disappeared as I turned to gaze upon it !

I never saw her more ! No more : ’tis enough.

A. A. R.

'D O M I N E Q U O V A D I S ?'

It was a time of sword and flame,
 And many a martyr fled,
 And many that wore the Christian name
 From rack and fagot fled.
 They fled — and was it shame to fly,
 When the Faith had lost its home,
 Nor a shelter found in the caves under ground,
 Where worshipped the saints of Rome?

Forth by the Appian Gate at night
 An old man trembling passed;
 His hair was white, and his long beard white,
 And his face with fear aghast.
 It was that holy saint of CHRIST
 To whom HE had left HIS flock;
 That Head and Chief, on whose belief
 He had built as on a rock.

He went — for prayers had overborne
 His choice to stay and die;
 And tender words of love had shown
 The martyr's courage high.
 And he whose burning zeal had nerved
 The feeblest for the stake,
 Must yield the crown that was hovering down,
 For younger hands to take.

So quickly on the old man went,
 And hastened in his flight;
 But why so sudden paused, and bent
 His gaze into the night:
 A vision through the distance dark,
 A form of light advanced;
 And with steady pace it neared the place
 Where the saint stood still entranced.

The old man knelt, as he had need,
 For he shook that he could not stand.
 But the luminous form came on with speed,
 As if to pass by at his hand.
 'Oh! whither goest THOU, my LORD?'
 He cried with a bitter groan,
 For he could not brook the stern, sad look,
 That was fastened on his own.

Then the sweet voice of the LORD replied;
 'I am going to Rome,' it said,
 'To be crucified afresh, for those
 Who have left my cross and fled.'
 And the vision died on the thin night air,
 As the words came soft and calm,
 And the saint went back to dungeon and rack,
 And got him his martyr's palm.

* * * *

The friars who this tale repeat
 Will show you to this day,
 The impress of those blessed feet
 Where they trod the Appian Way.
 But more to me these words avouch
 Than relics for ages adored;
 As I murmur them still like a charm they thrill,
 'Whither goest thou, my LORD?'

Rome, Italy, 1854.

CHARLES W. BAIRD.

SIR ROGER INKLEBY'S STORY.

BY KIT KELVIN.

'THERE is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come.' — HAMLET.

AN excellent old man was Roger Inkleby. As full of wisdom as experience, experience as age, age as temperance and regularity could command by the will of God. It was my good fortune to know him in the prime of his silvery locks. With a smile pleasant as sun-light; a heart crowded with good intentions and kind thoughts; with a will to execute strong as life; with advice sincere as valuable; with sympathy warm as his friendship, was Roger Inkleby. He was called Sir Roger to perpetuate his universal benevolence. An evening passed with him became one better than the enjoyment of the evaporating frivolities of gayer life. But he is now entombed with the worm of the grave, yet his face is painted upon, and his virtues framed for, my memory.

'Come to-morrow evening,' said Sir Roger, 'and I will tell you a story.'

'My story is a life-fact,' commenced Sir Roger. 'To you it may be instructive, and still more, you may remember it to benefit others: for you know,' turning his pleasant eyes full upon me, 'we love to do good, at least we *should*. No one lives without *power*. No matter the rank, condition, or place. Each has his influence upon the other. It is in action, conduct, and speech. In the home, the ware-house, the desk, the field, upon deck. It is in the eye, the walk, the *dress*; for the latter is as much characteristic of the man as his face is the index prefacing the life. Brutes recognize the fact. A mild cur you see with a gentle master; a savage bull-dog with a wretch. And yet, incontrovertible as this is, it is little regarded — too little by the parent, less by the guardian.

'Philip Marlowe was my intimate class-mate in college — a young man possessing peculiar and noticeable traits. He was a good scholar, a gentleman in his manners, and apparently easily read. He was ambitious, cool in design, shrewd, cunning, and rashly bold. He played deep without suspicion or failure. Yet, in all things, he lacked *one* essential principle. This was effectually covered by his master tact, and he always passed as the model student. I fancied he suspected my confidence in him was not strong; but he pursued the right course in such a case — flattering me with his friendship and reliance so far as his policy dictated. Unexceptionable in his easy conversations, princely in his ideas, he charmed me, and although I loved him, yet there was something fearful in my suspicions that the evidences of friendship were clever advances to convert me. I have shuddered as I caught, unawares, his eye upon me. I never could relieve myself from

'the idea that he suspected I knew him better than he desired. The sequel demonstrated it.

'It is a fearful thing, my young friend, to live under a disguise one's life-time. But there are those who do it. It may be the first you meet in the street. It may be the father, the counsellor, the elder, the preacher, the merchant in high esteem, your friend. Did you ever think of it? In order to know, you must observe. Pass not blindly through life. Live to learn. Watch the lip, the brow, the eye. Study the semblance between the utterance and the action. Mark the gift and the subject, the favor and the grantor. The politician takes you warmly by the hand, he speaks warmly, protests warmly, promises warmly, *despises* you warmly. The speculator of friendship whispers a golden word *to* you, and bites off a damning point *against* you. He effects his object, triumphs; *you* suffer. The man clamorously zealous in advocating moral and divine precepts, imploring, with streaming eyes, 'Our FATHER,' is a consummate hypocrite. After the fire the still small voice. *That* was of God. *It was* God. The merchant, rich in his crowning suppers, is a bankrupt and a villain. All this and these may be successfully veiled for years, but not for all time. Just retribution will develop, will scorch, will incinerate. You can readily suspect *that* man who declares the most for your interest. The cat needs but to *watch* to catch her prey.

'Through the period of four years Marlowe and myself were mostly together. By this singular friendship I gained character, for my class-mate was highly esteemed by the Faculty and loved by all. The young ladies smiled more sweetly when Marlowe addressed them: but he looked upon women as ornaments merely, that would not bear handling without losing lustre.

'It is instructive as well as pleasant to follow the movements of good chess-players. The pieces are before each, and the same opportunity to win offers itself, if the one is as practised as the other. But there is a wide difference resting upon the same talent, developed in a cheating game of cards, where the sleeve or other covert hides the ace that gives to and takes from. I contend human nature is more easily studied where there is the more to occupy the minds of the many: for instance, a city. The pressure of obligations is esteemed security from detection, but to the accurate observer it is the very *signal* of distress.

'So successfully did Marlowe play his part at our graduation I almost denied my suspicions. Indeed, the jury of my conscience stood ten for acquittal and two for conviction; still those two were very tenacious of their opinions. The usual result took place — a discharge; for we pursued different avocations. Before we separated, I received much good counsel, and many excellent suggestions from Marlowe, such as could exist only where there was actual belief in the same.

'Disgusted with all professions, my friend chose merchandise, and soon after gave me his reasons for so doing, the chief of which hung upon being known as the *first* in the world of traffic. I remember his words. 'Surprised you no doubt may be; yet, Roger, I can make more of a sensation in this sphere than in the professions. Note the margin

..

I have ; and you know, ambition that is tempered with *godly* incentives should never tremble with doubt.'

' Could this Napoleon of ambition have buried the hypocrite twin of his nature, what a prince would have lived, and what a blaze of glory would have been extinguished at his exit !

' Life instructions are varied as they are numerous : some pleasant, more bitter, neither continuous, though by far the longer not the sweeter. It is holy will that all should be taught from the same great page ; likening mankind in this wise to the world of infants, for we all read our A B Cs. If the bitter be not now, yet it will come.

' With a mind peculiarly adapted to grasp at difficulties, and with sanguine confidence of eventual success, my class-mate worked on. The younger world began to buzz his name. His affable manner and eloquent tongue won admiration. With his usual coolness he selected his partner, and the business world chronicled the birth of another house, MARLOWE & MULDONALD, names which since have passed East, West, North, South, and beyond oceans. Rich in experience, tried in wisdom, the *elder* world now began to buzz the name of Marlowe. He was first on 'Change, and first in the estimation of the business community. His drafts were gold, his words like so much silver, his name every thing. He had won with a character beyond impeachment. When we met he was the same, grown slightly subdued with the massive weight of cares and an enviable name. His counsel was sought to promote great enterprises, and documents with his autograph were synonymous with success. With this hold upon the world, I almost fancied that he would continue to merit his proud epithet. But beyond our own ideas of recompense must we acknowledge that which belongs to the CREATOR. He has assured us the sinner shall not go unpunished. Regardless of his position, there is no rank in the scales of God's justice whereby the greater can be weighed with less fairness than the smaller. Like merchandise for market, each one's net is scored upon the tally-book, and if he had previously passed for worth beyond his value, the honest reduction will come finally. This doctrine has been blown by the Preacher into all quarters, substantiated by aggravated cases ; and yet, temptation before, and a clever covert beside, have proved the more powerful of the twain. And this is it. Could the errorist know the last act of his drama, his courage would quail to perform what hope for concealment has encouraged him to do. But grasping ambition, intolerable pride, ungovernable selfishness without *principle*, are subtle spirits to nourish. They prove themselves mutineers that need only circumstances to develop destruction. Every one has a desperate spirit. The best heart that ever dictated wholesome truths, has the alchemy of revolt against all statutes, divine and legislative. It is not golden ease that furnishes the proof of such existing property, but poverty or ambition will fairly elucidate it, blotting from the argument the natural wretch — a *coin of crime*.

' Imagine yourself positioned in the velvet chair of unquestionable estimation, with a name echoed for pattern, a credit limitless, attended on each hand, supported by, encircled with the body-guard of imposed

trust, and you have the case of Philip Marlowe. At this peroration of life had my class-mate arrived. A slight silver upon his hair showed the mental and physical struggle by which he had attained this acme. He had passed into middle life, overcoming obstacles, creating business, aiding enterprises, bestowing charity, gathering a name.

'I found upon my table one evening a note. It was from Marlowe, requesting me to call upon him punctually at ten the following morning. I fulfilled his wish, and found him in his morning-wrapper. But he was much changed. The pallor of sadness, a hopeless expression, was upon his face. Yet he took me kindly by the hand, and told me, with peculiar earnestness, that he had sent for me to confess *one* life-deception.

'Roger! I have known since we were class-mates, that *you* suspected my honesty. By my uniform life I have, no doubt, blinded and confounded you. But before night, not only you, but the world will know I have played my part devilishly clever. I shuffled the pack to win, but have finally lost,' and leaning forward with a look of terrible bitterness, in a hoarse whisper he added: 'It is all *ambition without principle!*'

'For an instant his eyes glared upon me, his lip quivered, he essayed again to speak, but fell heavily back. His head dropped upon his chest. He was dead! He had swallowed poison. He had been concealing and carrying on a series of forgeries, by which means he had entered into private speculations of great magnitude. But a severe reverse had fallen upon him, and he saw no other method of avoiding the damning results but suicide. Toward me he had always shown an uniform kindness, but to the world at large, while feeding it with the supposed pabulum of deference, he was merely using this as the saccharine to surface the deposit of gall.

'The melancholy case stunned the world. Public confidence was staggered. Capitalists were dumb. Every one shuddered. Mutual reliance lost one trusted pillar of its base; temptation had proved a Samson, and pulled it down amid the mangled pile of expectation, hope, and dependence. The tree that bore the delicious fruit was but of ingrafted growth in the commoner orchard of humanity. Had principle guided the man, his ambition would have been righteous. He would have erected a mausoleum that would have withstood the gnawing tooth of obloquy and sapping jealousy. His name, like Washington's, would have passed down to posterity polished by age, the prince of merchants, the man of worth.

'Let existence be guarded by principle, and life, with all its phases of sun-beams and night, will gather honey from every petal, that will sweeten and nourish the 'slippered pantaloons' of age: and when Death, with his skeleton chariot, makes his imperious call, you bid the last farewell to accompany the relentless driver upon that returnless ride 'mid the sincerest sorrow of following hearts.

'This is my story of a life-fact. It has a moral; and he is wise who will profit thereby:

'READ ye the lesson — heed it well.'

P L E A S A N T V A L E .

A SKETCH OF GLENARTE, ORISKANY, ONEIDA COUNTY.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

If thou wilt come among the quiet woods,
In the first days of Summer, when the corn
Is green upon the upland, and the hills
Are steeped in haze and sunshine, thou wilt find
In the tranquillity that reigns amid
These cool dark depths of beech and evergreen, -
A loveliness and beauty which shall fill
Thy heart with better thoughts than earth can give,
With the great tumult of its thoroughfares,
And bustling marts of men. How oft, when care
Hath numbed my spirit, and the kindly tones
Of friends have grated harsh upon mine ear,
Have I sought out these shades! Too long have I
Drank the great roar of cities, and the din
That riseth from their streets; the low, sad plaint
Of human misery, and the loud-toned voice
Of commerce, shouting to her toiling sons —
Toiling with swarthy hands amid the clang
Of groaning engines — upon quays piled high
With costly merchandise — or far away
In noisome lanes pent up with piles of brick,
Where the sweet air and sunshine never come;
These have I heard until my thoughts have caught
The tumult of the scene, and my whole life
Hath seemed as if 't were centered in the wish
To be once more with Nature. Let us go
Back to the joyous woods, and thread once more
The paths that wind along the wilderness:
We'll seek the hollows where the wild-rose blooms,
And where the scaur-berry nestles on its bed
Of light green moss, and where amid the fern
Lies hid the little waterfall. Each change
In Nature's glorious face shall work a change
In thine own life. The very air thou breath'st
Shall fill thee with its quiet sanctity,
And the Divine Intelligence that moves
And lives in all thou seest shall uphold
Thy fainting spirit, and shall give thee strength
To meet unharmed life's ever-coming ills.

As you pass down that quiet little vale,
A path diverges to an unused road,
Built of old logs and covered o'er with grass,
Which leads you till you're lost among the trees.
Full pleasant is the spot, for here the sun
Throws in the noontide through the moving roof
A shower of molten gold, which slides between
The half-transparent bars, and makes o'erhead
A softened radiance. There is one sweet nook
Hidden within this gentle solitude—

A little glen covered with matted leaves,
 And crossed by one large tree, whose body lies
 Crumbling to yellow mould. On either side
 A growth of reeds shoot up, and wild-wood flowers
 Hide its rough bark. The graceful golden-rod,
 And mullein with its wand of yellow buds,
 Bloom here unseen, and here the cedar rears
 Its low, green pyramid. A wall of roots,
 Like serpents interlaced, shows where the storm
 Struggled with this great Titan of the woods,
 Till, crashing on its course, it lies, as now,
 O'er stream and hollow, and leaving where it stood
 A scooped-out basin. Matted earth and stones
 Still cling to its huge trunk, and underneath,
 The squirrel finds his home—a safe retreat—
 And oft in summer here the wary wren
 Leads forth her callow brood.

A softer light,
 Gleaming like silver through the forest-trees,
 Tells us we're near the borders of the wood.
 Here is the clearing with its belt of pines
 And high-arched hemlocks, o'er whose rounded knolls
 The trailing blackberry shows its unripe fruit,
 While through the emerald roof that sways o'erhead
 The noontide comes in spots of light and shade
 That change with every breeze. The fountain scarce
 Is seen amid the leaves, or denser mass
 Of lace-worked fern, but issuing forth from roots
 Slimy and black, creeps o'er its hidden bed
 With a faint, fitful murmur. 'Neath my foot
 The winter-green sends out upon the air
 Its birch-like fragrance, caught up stealthily
 By the sweet, roving wind.

This winding path
 Leads from the forest to the grassy marge
 Of yonder mimic lake, where hour by hour
 The fisher plies his sport. How still and deep
 It lies between its banks!—so still, the duck
 Glassed in its bosom scarcely seems to break
 Its pictured image. In the topmost trees
 There is a merry sound of dancing leaves,
 And now a sudden gust of rising wind
 Comes mirroring across the water's glass,
 Lifting yon lazy oar that swings around
 And idly taps the boat. The little waves
 Break on its painted sides, and swiftly chase
 Each other up the beach, and on the breeze
 Dies to a whisper in the distant pines.
 The water wears once more upon its face
 Its broken images. The mirrored cloud
 Moves slowly through its depths, and far below
 Is seen once more the inverted factory,
 With forests pointing downwards from the hills —
 A mass of twinkling emerald. Smooth and green
 The long grass streams amid the tides below.
 Rising and falling, on the currents slide
 Around the mossy stones, and here and there
 Darts up and down the purple dragon-fly
 Above the shining ripples. To the north
 A pathway leads along the cornfield's skirt,
 Through a rank growth of yellow-flowering weeds,

Until you reach the dingy town that shuts
The valley in, with its red cottages—
A dingy country town, whose straggling lanes
Swarm thrice a day with troops of hardy men,
Maidens in bonnets of blue calico,
And smutty-visaged boys who dole away
Their lives amid the noise of oily looms
And clanging engines.

Beautiful, beyond,
The tall pines stand like dark-plumed sentinels,
Deploying down into the deep ravines
With ranks of oak, and beech, in close platoons —
A huge battalion of moss-covered trees,
Which on these heights for centuries have fought
Their battles with the storm. A narrow path,
Moist with the issues of cool forest-springs
That well beneath the twisted roots above,
Leads you along the wood, o'er banks of moss,
And underneath huge, ragged trunks of elm
That bridge the hollows. High o'erhead, the wind
That freshens in the distant harvest-fields
Makes a sweet murmur, bearing softly in
Through the close maple-boughs and leaves that dance
Far down the shaggy steep, the scent of flowers
And buckwheat blossoms whitening amid
The blaze of August.

How the admitted light,
That deepens with the freshness of the breeze,
Darts up these venerable trunks of beech
And barky cedar! Now with one broad gleam
It lights the forest half-way down, and now,
Melting to spots of gold, it dances o'er
The stems of prostrate trees, and shoots along
The twinkling wood-moss. In the topmost pines
The wind lulls faintly, and the pleasant gloom
Grows deeper with the deepening quietude,
Save where, amid the swaying leaves that meet
And rustle overhead, some unseen bird
With its perpetual chirp fills half the wide
And shadowy solitude.

There is a name
Linked with these grand old woods and pleasant hills
Which I would not forget. It is the name
Of one long since gone forth into the world
To try the stern realities of life,
But who amid her cares must oft revert
With pleasant recollections to her days
Of girlish romance, and the peaceful haunts
Which she had known from childhood. Ere my heart
Had lost its fits for moving, often here
We wandered when the fair and reddening West
Seemed all a-blaze above the forest-tops,
Scenting the breeze that wafted through the vale
The fragrance of the hay-field. Far along,
Beneath the hanging forest that shuts in
The valley on the western side, there ran
A race-way, covered in the flowery June
With large pond-lilies, which the water bore
Upon its bosom, powdered thick with stars.
Thither we walked on many a summer night,
Ere the reflected blushes of the sky

Had faded from the stream, or its rich mass
 Of mirrored gold and green grew indistinct
 Amid the glimmering twilight. She seemed made
 To suit the place, and half in gallantry
 We named it after her. Now all is changed :
 The groves we loved are sold for building-lots,
 And fair Glenarte now is but a thing
 Of half-remembered romance. 'Pleasant Vale,'
 'Tis known instead through all the neighborhood,
 And so they call the little country-town,
 With its red factory, and one straight street
 Built up with cottages on either hand.

The Complete Susquehanna Angler.

FISHING THE THIRD.

WHEREIN SCHOLIAST DISCOURSETH ON BEAUTY.

'MIROR et stupro cum cœlum aspicio et pulchritudinem siderum, angelorum; et quis digne laudet quod in nobis viget, corpus tam pulchrum, frontem pulchrum; nares, genas, oculos, in ellictum, omnia pulchra; si sic in creaturis laboramus; quid in ipsi Deo?'—AUSTIN.

Piscator : Scholiast : Poeta.

PISCATOR : I am heartily glad, I am heartily glad to see you, scholars ! thou, Poeta, and thou, Scholiast. Dull days are these for the honest angler, unless he spend it in goodly company. These long, dark nights, as they wallow through the snow, have a wild and dreary sound indeed to him who maketh the broad and heaven-tented fields his home, and the birds and brooks his choristers. Therefore are ye welcome to my lonely fireside and humble cheer. You see how merrily the fire blazeth : I have but just now heaped on the hickory, for by a certain motion of my spirits I was forewarned of the coming of trusty friends, and of a pleasant talk over the ruddy coals, to while away the dark.

POETA : The cheerful welcome is ever on thy lips, good my master, and the hearty welcome in thine eyes, and since the frost has taken the streams unto his arms, and laid his icy palm upon their pulses, so that our gentle art is set at naught, we are come for the love we bear it to talk thereof; for know, O Piscator ! so greatly hath thy sport taken hold upon us twain, that we esteem all other things as little worth in its comparison.

SCHOLIAST : Yea, and I deem it good, honest master, to unbend at times from study, and with pleasant and harmless interchange of thoughts, fancies, and affections beguile the circling hours ; and at such

times I seem in imagination to reäscend from manhood the ladder of life, by which we have come down to earth, until, standing on our ancient and topmost round of infancy, we with our heads touch the infinite profound from whence we were ; for thus I hold that we are, so to speak, increate. Richly indeed from his grand old English harp doth the psalmist of the ' deep sad music of humanity,' Wordsworth, re-sound :

' OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God, who is our home.'

And this to me is the surest proof which I have of immortality ; that as none of us can remember where we were not, nor where we began to be, so we have ever been, and shall never cease to be. The gulf before us is no more mysterious than that behind. We stand upon the little island of the present, and all around us heave, and swell, and roar the great oceans of the past and future — memory, our good angel, striving with his feeble lamp to illumine the waste. But prithee, where is Venator ?

PISCATOR : In good sooth he hath become so wedded to our quiet sport that he spareth no pains to make his knowledge thereof most perfect. I think this evening he is unsnarling some twine which he hath purchased and tangled, in order that he may be the more expert thereat when he goeth to the angle. 'Tis pleasing pastime, I assure you, scholars, to follow a knot through all its intricacies, to dwell on the twistings and contortions of the thread, mark where in the thousand involutions its continuity is lost and wherein the manifold evolutions it reappears ; to pull blindly at loops ; to catch at slipping nooses, and jerk at double-bows, until from the shapeless and confused mass there pays out under your dexterous fingers a long and exquisitely spun thread. Wouldst thou not like to try thy skill thereat, Poeta ? I have many snarled lines, and they shall be at thy service.

POETA : From my heart I thank thee ; but I think though I might find pleasure I should not find patience.

PISCATOR : The Susquehanna angler hath need of great store of patience. Thou, Scholiast, hast thou a mind to exercise thy ingenuity thereat ?

SCHOLIAST : Nay, I am much beholden to thee. I could never bring myself to act upon two things at a time, and should I make the trial whereof thou speakest, much of thy brave discourse would be unheeded by me ; and thus my gain of patience would be but loss of wisdom and delight. But, I pray thee, speak to us of thy gentle art, for we are but sucklings in its wonders, and fain would eat of the strong man's meat of its mysteries.

PISCATOR : Anon and you shall hear of it. But thou, Scholiast, before I further discourse thereof shalt, while Poeta and myself (for thou hast no such appetites to minister to) drink of this creamy ale, and

smoke these fragrant cigars, pursue thy inquiry after the Beautiful, which, when last we went to the angle, gave such joy to us all.

POETA : Yea, most learned Scholiast, my ears are longing to catch the sound of thy instructive voice. Beside, this Beautiful, whereof we have sought a more perfect knowledge, should be the great solicitude of the bard, for by it he hath his name and honor among men.

SCHOLIAST : You shall find me in no way loth to talk thereof, but I fear lest I shall dwell upon it too long for your patience, and too feebly for your edification. Still you shall not hear me plead to any simple bashfulness. What then have we defined beauty to be ?

POETA : That *harmonious and suitable* COMBINATION *which* (aside from interest) *delights the intellect*.

SCHOLIAST. Thy memory serves thee well. We did little more in our former discourse than to define beauty, and refer the apprehension thereof to an act of the reason. Let us now inquire how it is that the beautiful acts upon the intellect, and how its apprehension by the reason is a source of delight.

PISCATOR : I am all ears to hear, all attent to understand. Prithee, proceed !

SCHOLIAST : Let us say then, scholars, that we are triangular and rectangular, the moral subtending the sensuous and intellectual, which, having a common point, diverge at a right angle. Let us say, moreover, that in the description of this triangle, which is in a circle, the sensuous is the shorter chord, and is given ; that from this the intellectual is drawn ; and that in all the sensuous is equal. Hence we see the circle is greater as the intellectual is produced ; and that the moral hypothesis is the diameter, and true and infallible measure of the circle. Thus we shall clearly and in a word unfold our doctrine of the microcosm. Let us further say that what we possess in common with all animals is the sensuous. This it is that gives us cognizance of objects, and from all relation to themselves, merely as objects in space, separate and distinct from ourselves. The office of the sensuous, then, is simply to individualize us. But let us keep close to the path marked down upon our chart, because, whether this be true or not, little matters here. I have set this out that you may the better understand what I am about to propound. Shall we not assume now, scholars, that the brute has no appreciation of the Beautiful ?

PISCATOR : Yea, for a verity !

SCHOLIAST : Let us lay down as a proposition that the sensuous in all animals is the same and equal ; that whatever has more than this is man, which is intellect coupled with the sensuous ; that the intellect is as regards ourselves entirely interior and can hold no communion with the external world save through the medium of the sensuous, which is as it were its handmaid ; but that there is no mingling of the twain — no subserviency of the lord to the menial. Impressions come to us then through the sensuous, these are taken up or received by the intellect, made permanent, clarified and disposed by the considering powers thereof. However, this sensuous is not always trustworthy in its office. Custom may hamper it, habit may pervert it, and unless intellect from its immortal throne keeps watch and ward over it, the

myrmidons of error will sap its sovereignty, and deliver it over bound hand and foot to its vassal.

PISCATOR : So then, O master, there is no human intellect, except as it is illustrated by the sensuous !

SCHOLIAST : Thou rightly understandest me. Therefore, when I say that our apprehension of the beautiful is intellectual, I do not mean that taste is *à priori*, innate, or reminiscence ; but that beauty is revealed to us through the sensuous medium ; that the sensuous displays to us, as a window, objects ; that the harmony and suitableness of their combination is discovered by a process of ratiocination, which being recognized, affords delight — delight being predicated only of the intellect. Shall I repeat.

POETA : Nay, 't is sufficiently plain.

SCHOLIAST : Then, O my scholars, let it be understood that our senses, when sleep hath not overcome or disease overthrown them are constant in their operation. The eye always sees, the ear ever hears, the touch responds to every impress. This operation we are little conscious of, by reason of what I will call their discursiveness ; the result of which upon us we denominate listlessness. Complete consciousness is effected by the arrest of this discursiveness, which arrest is brought about by what we name the unusual. This unusualness may be either uncommonness, or it may be unusualness dependent upon time, place, or circumstance. Now this unusualness having arrested the discursiveness, the powers of the sensual, which had been previously generally diffused, are concentrated upon the particular presenting unusualness. Now the sensual and intellectual are divided, the one from the other, by a partition — as the internal from the external ear by a drum — which conveys a notice of all operations of the senses to the intellect ; and it is by this partition that we may reason upon gustation or hearing, although no process of causation or education can in any manner alter their function or effect. Sensations, being communicated by this partition to the intellect, compel an act thereof. This act is not altogether a matter of volition. True, when the intellect has withdrawn from its porch and shut its gates against all approach from without, and in its unseen sanctuary holds communion with obstruction, sensation may at times knock at its door unheeded. But it is seldom the portals are closed, and when open, sensation comes to the threshold and fulfils its office undesired and unbidden. It will not be restrained ; and thus arrives unavoidably to all men a certain amount of experience.

How the mind hurries on with its sighing and moaning, beating ever and anon its *rat-a-tat* on the casement ; but let it howl on, for within is a blazing hearth and good cheer. Truly, the Promethean fable is not all the offspring of ancient fancy, for sacred hath the radiance of the sun been ever esteemed ; holy the fire, its altars, and its hearths.

POETA : Ah ! this ale and tobacco put me in most comfortable humor. Prithce, good Scholiast, drown with that pleasant discourse of thine the pæan old Winter is singing to the gloomy god.

PISCATOR : Ay, master, for I keep all thy sayings in my heart.

SCHOLIAST : Now shall we declare that in the world the beautiful

is unusual ; that as compared with the great run of things of which our senses inform us the plain and ugly are the usual.

POETA : The beautiful unusual. Dost thou not blaspheme ? All things are beautiful in degree.

PISCATOR : Ay, master, and I recollect to have in Sir Thomas Browne, his *Religio Medici* : ‘ I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind of species or creature whatever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly ; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms, and having proved that general visitation of God, who saw that all that He had made was good, that is, conformable to His will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty. There is no deformity but in monstrosity ; wherein, notwithstanding, there is a kind of beauty ; nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly or misshapen but the chaos ; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form ; nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God.’

SCHOLIAST : In this the silver-tongued old Englishman is discoursing, not reasoning. He, without consideration, calls beauty but fitness or adaptation, and applying this to animals, says, ‘ they being created in the outward shapes and figures which best express the action of their inward forms,’ referring their beauty to fulfillment of function. I also esteem that we may find the beautiful enshrined in many things, whereof we may have no inkling of their proposed ends, and therefore no conception of their fitness. But he speaks of the natural world, wherein there may be a greater proportion of the beautiful than in the artificial world ; yet no one can deny, who hath a just appreciation of the beautiful, and a mind conscious of its own emotions, that there are scenes of unmitigated gloom, grandeur, and horror, which the spirit of the beautiful has never visited, nor with its sacred torch illumed. We will, then, affirm that all things are not beautiful even in degree ; because it is the office of all beauty, speaking beyond all question of cavil or controversy, to afford pleasure ; and indifference and pain predominate among mankind undisputably. In the Apocalypse the joys of Heaven are thus felicitously portrayed : ‘ And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away !’ Job also says, ‘ Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.’ But beauty is only one of the sources of pleasure. Hence it is fair to say that the beautiful is unusual, and therefore that it displays itself more vividly before the senses because of this unusualness ; and this vividity of the unusual causing a centering of the discursive powers of the senses, they convey to the intellect in proportion as they have been centered a greater impression, calling into operation a corresponding greater action of the intellect : or, to speak plainly, unusualness — for example, the beautiful — excites in us wonder, and in proportion to the unusualness — for example, excellence in degree of beauty — is the extent or magnitude of our won-

der. And it is with that inconceivable celerity wherewith the senses act, and the intellect responds, that this excitation is produced and takes place. Now, when it is claimed that we look upon an object, and that one cognition of its beauty is immediate, we are in error. We do not heed the old injunction, '*Know thyself.*' I assert from a careful and rigid examination of the operation of my own mind, and from the assurances of others whose attention I have called to this point, (and it is susceptible of proof in no other way,) that it is the emotion of wonder, which is raised and immediately proceeds and merges in an apprehension of the beautiful, that we have mistaken for such apprehension. This emotion of wonder being excited by the unusualness of any particular, the faculty of causation, ever inquiring by a law of its nature, seeks the why and wherefore of this excitation. What is it, says causation, in the particular which has been presented, that has aroused this emotion in the mind? Then a consideration of the particular by the intellect takes place, a harmonious and suitable combination is discovered to be the cause of the unusualness which excited this wonder, and which concentrated the operation of the senses. Shall we not say this and proceed?

PISCATOR: Then, worthy master, when novelty is superseded by familiarity, the beautiful vanishes? Hast thou not, in one former discourse, declared that it is as immutable as its sire is immortal. Let us, at least, have consistency in thy speculations, for the poet says it is a jewel.

SCHOLIAST: Thou shalt see there is no jarring or militation in aught that I have advanced, but that the doubt which thou hast sprung only goes to confirm and strengthen me. Knowledge is graven upon the intellect as with a pen of iron. Nor time, nor shock, nor change can in any manner efface or obliterate it. Delight, also, is as distinguished from pleasure, which is transitory and sensuous, of the intellect permanent. But both knowledge and delight of and in a particular may be dormant, under the superincumbency of universals, or of other particulars, until that particular whereof and wherein we have knowledge and delight, is presented to us, either objectionably, or in the cloisters of the imagination, or memory. As regards the familiar, perfect knowledge of the beautiful in a particular puts an end to all future discovery of harmony and suitableness of combination; the beautiful therein has delighted the intellect, and thus delight has become a part and portion of the microcosm; and though we may not always be sensible of it, when the sensual presents it to the intellect, or the intellect in its incomprehensible circling and interchange brings it before the eye of the mind, this delight shoots up like a spring-flower within us — not a new delight — but the same old beatitude. It is by mistaking the awakening of the same for a new delight that some have endeavored to refer all beauty to association. The beautiful in the familiar has been apprehended. We know it to be there, and we can regard it without a mixture of wonder in our intellectual complacency. Knowing its existence therein, we view it only upon volition; but when we do thus consider it with a calm and undisturbed disposition, devoid of all those emotions which wonder excites, it lies before us, so speak, un-

impassioned, and we look upon it as upon the face of the corpse, and deem that in the placid features of the one that *was*, we can trace the lineaments of the angel that *is*. Familiarity does not dissipate beauty, on the contrary, it alone fits us for correct apprehension and perfect appreciation thereof; for, from the infirmity of our nature, the obscurity of our senses, the thousand hindrances which passion, prejudice, association and interest throw around our finiteness, first conclusions are often at fault. Nor does beauty less delight us that we have daily intercourse therewith; but the intellectual effort having once been made, by which the beautiful was discovered radiant through the unusualness of its manifesting medium, the delight that the intellect takes is not the delight arising from the act of discovery, (nor was it in the first instance,) nor from the intellectual process, but delight in the combination, which must tarry with us as long as that combination exists in harmony and suitableness. Nothing beautiful! O my scholars, that we have beheld and know, ever loses its effect upon us. It goes with us and works in us for ever. It never can pall upon us, and if aught has palled, which we at any time have deemed beautiful, it was the specious and gaudy. We were deceived and blinded, and familiarity has taken the scales from our abused apprehension. For want of other test, to the uninitiated this immutability is the touch-stone by which the beautiful is tried. With great propriety might the untutored demand: 'Is the morning less beautiful to the aged than the youthful; is any common thing of beauty, the daffodil responsive to the spring's earliest kiss; the violet, awakened by the blue-bird's gentle warble; the old songs, that nestle like callow broods of birds in the utmost corner of the heart, less delectable to us in later days than in childhood?' Nay, nay, my scholars! taunt me not that my theory goes to derogate from this ever-working and ever-accompanying joy within us. Nothing beautiful can ever cease to delight us; and each new delight expands our capacities, strengthens our faculties and enlarges our sympathies. For my part, I discover more and more of beauty every day I live. Goodlier grows every scene around me, brighter every little flower; Nature's hidden charms are more and more, and clearer revealed to me; Art throws wider and wider its unfolding temple doors, and glories I had never thought or dreamed of appear in its dim recesses, as the golden light of years and experience fall upon them; and in the moral world, whose unveiled beauty no mortal man shall ever perfectly see, I can behold the pillar of clouds by day, and the pillar of fire by night, resting over this tabernacle of the flesh?

PISCATOR: Most bravely, and in good earnest spoken, worthy Scholiast. But tell me, I pray, why, when the intellect seeks the cause of its marvel at the unusualness of objects, is it that it taketh delight in that which hath a certain harmony and suitableness of combination? In what does this delight consist, and how is it produced?

SCHOLIAST: The Scriptures say we are fearfully and wonderfully made. Our intellect, which includes reason, judgment, understanding, and many other faculties, as we may have a conception of it devoid of all clogs, hindrances, and untoward influences, is a harmonious and suitable combination of intelligences. Now what shall we say is the

struggle and aim of all intellect? Knowledge! this but a means inductive. Power and sway! these are but temporal, and the intellect repudiates them — they are of the earth, earthy, and when attained, the strife and aim are accomplished. Glory! this is mundane, and by it these mortal frames become our prison-house, and the things of mortality our chains; but the intellect of man is not circumscribed by these walls of flesh, nor fettered to this sublunary sphere, 'it takes its flight further than the stars, and can not be confined by the limits of this world; it extends its thoughts often even beyond the utmost expansion of matter, and makes excursions into that uncomprehensible inane;' or, as Lucretius hath expressed it:

'Vividu vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia mœbia mundi,
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque.'

No! the intellect finds itself here an illustrious stranger, a guest in halls not ancestral, a sojourner in a foreign land, and whatever may be its acquisitions here, whatever wealth it may amass of knowledge, power, sway, and glory, through toil, its heart and its real treasures are far away. Yet it goes around seeking fellowship and kindred communion; and whenever it finds a semblance of conformity to itself, there it meets a solace, a joy, and is delighted. This, then, let us hold; the aim of the intellect is to discover and effectuate a conformity of things to itself. In order that I may be explicit, let me say, this conformity is not the conformity of things to the laws which the reason lays down, nor the conformity of adaptation, nor yet a conformity which the mind prescribes, but a conformity to the conformation of the intellect. Now let us go to the world and ask if this be not so. That the Pagans held this doctrine of conformity is evident. The supreme intelligences which in their ignorance, blindness, and error they set up as the rulers of their destinies and the arbiters of their fate, were above all solicitous to bring about this conformity of the microcosm to their own immortal perfection, and the philosophers declared that the gods delighted most in virtue and in those men most resembling them; and the heroes of old, in whom this conformity was thought to exist, were elevated into the ranks and thrones of the deities. In support of this, let me adduce a few authorities. Apuleius, in his '*God of Socrates*' says: 'Nothing is more similar and more acceptable to deity than a man intellectually good in a perfect degree.' Another of the ancients in his treatise on the '*Gods and the world*,' declares: 'We, when we are virtuous, are conjoined with the gods through similitude; but when vicious, we are separated from them through dissimilitude. And while we live according to virtue, we partake of the gods; but when we become evil we cause them to become our enemies.' We read in Diogenes Laertius' '*Life of Zeno*,' that the stoics 'sacrifice to the gods and keep themselves pure, for they avoid all offenses having reference to the gods, and the gods admire them, for they are holy and just in all that concerns the deity.' Plato, in the '*Timæus*' discourses of the framing Artificer of the universe: 'He was good, and in the good envy is never engendered about anything whatever. Hence, being free from this, he desired that

all things should as much as possible resemble himself.' And of the joys of their hereafter, this conformity was looked upon as the grand and beatific summation, for in the '*Phædro*' Socrates asks: 'Does not the soul . . . depart to that which resembles itself, the invisible, the divine, immortal, and wise? and on its arrival there, is it not its lot to be happy, free from error, ignorance, fears, wild passions, and all the other evils to which human nature is subject, and, as is said of the initiated, does it not in truth, pass the rest of its time with the gods?' But enough of the Pagans and their mythological vagaries. Let us go out from their mists and darkness of superstition into the clear and effulgent truth of the Gospel of the only great and one God; and be thankful that through revelation His surpassing glory is shining round about us. Conformity to the Supreme Intellect of the world is the sum of CHRIST's teachings. The ALMIGHTY made man (intellectually) in his own image. We are commanded to do no labor on the Sabbath. Why? Because on that day the LORD rested. Our SAVIOUR, in the Sermon on the Mount, says: 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your FATHER which is in Heaven is perfect.' So again in Luke: 'Be merciful even as your FATHER is also merciful. PAUL writes to the Romans: 'For whom HE did foreknow HE also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his SON, that he might be the first among brethren.' But why multiply instances? Throughout the Scriptures we are commanded to be like God, and to imitate the example of our SAVIOUR. The whole scope of the biblical injunctions, is conformity to the Supreme Intellect of the universe. Now, if we are of the nature of this Supreme Intelligence, the aim of our intellect must be similar to the aim of that to which we are similar. It is beautifully said in the '*Timæus*': 'The DEITY assigned this [the human soul] to each as a dæmon; that, namely, which we say, and say correctly, too, resides at the summit of the body, and raises us from earth to our cognate place in Heaven; for we are plants, not of earth, but Heaven: and from the same source whence the soul first arose, a divine nature, raising aloft our head and root, directs our whole corporeal frame.' In fact, all men, in all ages, who have argued for the immortality of the soul, have contended that its origin is Divinity. The Dæmon of the ancients, as the above passage, as well as numerous others, shows, was but the soul, or a species of Deity, which attended the body through its mortality. The Promethean spark was an emanation from the throne of the immortals. The Scriptures declare: 'And GOD breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.' This breath was not mere animation, like that of the brute, but intellect, a correspondence to, if not a portion of, HIS own eternal nature. And why this struggle for fame, which has no intermission — his thirst for glory, which nothing earthly can quench — this appetite for honor and power that cannot be satiated. For the unsubstantial things of this world? No! however we may think to the contrary. No! these aspirations are but the effects of the 'timid soul struggling to be free.' And it is the common opinion of men, as regards the things of mortality, that, as Juvenal says:

'QUONDAM præcipitat subiecta potentia magnæ
Invidiæ; mergit longa atque insignis honorum
Pagina; descendunt statuæ restemque sequuntur.'

'Nam qui nimias optabat honores,
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus, et impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ.'

No ! in this mortal toil for the unattained, we see through the cloud and darkness of the flesh the dim manifestation of the divinity within us. We are of the Immortal, immortal. Even in the most common of our acts we behold the shadowing forth of this aim of the intellect toward conformity. We wish others to be like ourselves, to follow our customs and habits. We desire a conformity to our individual sentiments and opinions. Nothing of this do we discover in the brutes, they possessing naught but *the sensuates*. This endeavor to bring about conformity, is of the intellect ; is its aim ; and in this conformity is its delight. Bear in mind, my scholars, I speak only of the pure intellect, unwarped, unprejudiced, uncontaminated by our passions, thus excluding from the delight connected with our apprehension of the beautiful, all love, all favor, all vanity, all association, all possible interest which may suggest itself as joined thereto. The delight, therefore, which the intellect experiences arises from conformity. Now are we free to affirm that the intellect is a harmonious and suitable combination of intelligences ; and, therefore, the most beautiful of all things sublunary. And of this we will speak anon.

THE MAPLE TREE.

BY THE PEASANT-BARD.

BESIDE the way is growing
A bonny maple tree :
To passers, by it going,
All noteless it may be.
All noteless it may be :
But 't is not so to me,
For the queen of all the kingdom,
I call the maple tree.

I mind it well, one evening,
The moon was shining bright,
Its friendly boughs were screening
Two lovers from the light.
Two lovers from the light :
My love was there with me :
So the queen of all the kingdom
I call the maple tree.

How pure the joy I tasted !
How rapturous the kiss !
How swift the moments hasted !
How fleeting earthly bliss !
How fleeting earthly bliss :
But, woodman, let it be :
For the queen of all the kingdom
I call the maple tree.

D I S C O U R A G E M E N T .

O SOUL! have all thy glorious dreams,
Thine aspirations proud and high,
Faded as fade Morn's opal gleams,
When sudden clouds obscure the sky?
Art thou content to fold, inert,
Those pinions once so prompt to soar,
And 'mid Earth's way-side pilgrims lurk,
And lag unnoted evermore?

O Soul! wilt quench thine early thirst
For springs of pure Pierian flow,
At streams polluted, whence the worst
Of worldly grovellers quaff also?
Wilt fling in recklessness away
The talisman so prized of yore?
Or dim, or interfuse with clay,
The brightness of its native ore?

O Soul! dost thou no longer thrill
At noble words and deeds sublime,
Such as were wont to grandly fill
The halls of Thought in olden time?
Do poet-lays, which erewhile rang
Like clarions in a temple-place,
Make now but a discordant clang,
When Memory wandering, jars the space?

Soul! hast thou naught responsive now
To Nature's myriad sweet appeals:
The sunshine on the mountain's brow,
The shade that o'er the soft grass steals:
The birds, the brooks, the budding flowers,
The meadows bright in summer-green,
The purple charm of twilight hours,
The hallowed moon-light's chastening beam!

The wind that softly, grandly swells
Its heavenward diapason nigh:
The mists, slow-climbing from the dells,
The lark, swift-springing to the sky:
The scents, that born in dingles low,
Far in the depths of ether die:
Seem they no longer guides to show
The path to immortality?

No, Soul! the weary march of life
Is all too full of carking cares:
The records of ignoble strife
Thy changed and tarnished aspect bears!
The steepes of Fame thy failing powers
May never more essay to climb:
One laurel from those deathless bowers
May never, never, Soul! be thine!

MIGON'S.

A NIGHT WITH A NEREIDE.

'True love is earth's best blessedness: all else,
Wealth, Fame, Nobility, and the poor gauds
Wherewith man trinkets out his little life,
End with the dust that rattles on his bier:
But Love, like a rich heritage, ascends
With the freed spirits to the throne of God,
There to be proved and purified.'

TEMPTED by the beauty of the evening, I left the festive scene within, and wandered slowly to the sea-shore. The dashing of the waves upon the beach, and the sighing of the night wind, were more in harmony with my feelings than the gay strains of the dance-music, which even at that distance reached my ear. When the heart is desolate and lonely, the notes of gay dances fall upon the ear more sadly than funeral marches. To me they brought back those happy hours of the past, when, with a loved one by my side, I had mingled in such scenes, the gayest of the gay, and now he was gone over the wide, wide seas, and I was alone. Seating myself upon a rock, I gazed off upon the moon-lit ocean and gave myself up to reveries of by-gone hours. The quiet beauty of the night, and the gentle murmur of the waves, was very soothing to my weary spirit, and tears came to give my aching heart relief. Presently a sweet melody reached my ear, and listening more attentively, I heard a soft, low voice, chanting thus:

'SAY, mortal, say, why art thou weeping,
And thus by the sea-shore thy sad watch keeping?
The earth is so fair and the sea so bright,
Then why, mortal, why dost thou weep to-night?'

and raising my eyes, I beheld standing beside me the most exquisite creature I had ever imagined; her face had the brightness and beauty of an angel's, her form was covered with the lightest and most graceful drapery; a crown of sparkling diamond-stars encircled her brow, and a band of pearls and emeralds formed a girdle for her waist.

Perceiving that she had attracted my attention, she thus addressed me: 'Fear not, mortal, for I come to dry thy tears. I am Alciope, Queen of the Nereides, and though my own heart is free from care, I pity thy sorrows, and am come from my home 'neath the ocean's waves, to be of use to thee. Tell me thy grief, perchance I have power to remove it.' And I at once replied: 'I weep because my heart is desolate. The one I love is far away, and the only wish of my soul is, to see him again.' She turned her soft eyes wonderingly upon me as she said: 'I can grant thee but one request, so pause ere thou decidest.' And I answered: 'It is useless, for I have but that one wish.' 'Knowest thou not, mortal,' she replied, 'that men are false? so I warn thee, think again, ere thou cast from thee the wealth, fame, and honor, which it is now in thy power to possess.' And I answered, a little impatiently:

'If he were false, wealth and fame would have no charms for me; but I have no fear; so if indeed thou canst, grant, I pray thee, the request I make, and let me see to-night the one I love so well.' 'It shall be as thou wilt, on one condition,' the Sea-Queen replied. 'For though it be difficult to accomplish, yet in pity to thy sorrow, and admiration of thy constancy, I will take thee to thy loved one to-night, if, on condition of his proving false to thee, thou wilt consent to pass a year with me in my ocean home.' I readily agreed, and she continued: 'Old Neptune loves me well, and all things in his dominion are at my command, even the Hippocampi, and we shall have need of them to-night, for the journey before us is long, but they are swift and gallant steeds, and will soon bear us over the ocean's waves, to the distant land where thy loved one dwells. Proteus has kindly endowed me with his own wonderful power of assuming all forms and shapes, and I may have to avail myself of it; and now now yield thyself to my protection, for we must first visit my home beneath the sea. And so saying, she took me by the hand and led me to the water's edge, and passing one arm around my waist, we floated off upon the surface, while she chanted in her low, musical tones, the sweetest melodies. Presently we began to sink, and a sensation of fear crept over me, but a pressure of her hand served to reassure me, and I found the effect delightful. I could breathe as freely as though upon land, and the moon and stars were distinctly visible above us. For some time we continued to sink, till the sound of distant voices reached my ear, and I distinguished bright forms approaching us, and caught distinctly the chorus of their song:

'HAIL to our Ocean Queen,
Fairer no eye hath seen:
Hail! all hail!'

We were soon surrounded by these syrens, and I saw that we were approaching an illuminated palace of magnificent structure and dimensions. The doors flew open at our approach, and entering, I found myself in a spacious hall. Lofty columns supported the arched roof, from which was suspended crystal lamps, diffusing a brilliant light around. Strains of joyous music welcomed our approach, and fair forms flitted round us, offering homage to their queen; but she passed on through whole suites of apartments, glittering with innumerable lights, and gorgeously decorated, till she arrived at one where she begged me to await her return, as she had orders to give for our journey, and waving her hand most gracefully toward me, she glided out, leaving me lost in wonder and admiration at the elegance and beauty by which I was surrounded. The room was of a circular form, and the walls and the pillars which supported the dome, were of a dark-green stone, so highly polished as to have the effect of mirrors, and reflect and multiply the numerous lamps suspended from the ceiling, which was glittering with crystals. The floor was of mosaic work, and the beauty of its design and finish far exceeded any I had ever seen. Between the columns were vases cut from stone, of pale yellow, and delicate violet hues, and of the most classical shapes. There were couches and lounges of the most graceful form and elegant workman-

ship : one of pink coral exquisitely carved, with cushions and pillows of white satin ; another of mother-of-pearl, with blue, and a third of tortoise shell, with gold-colored cushions. These cushions and pillows were stuffed with eider-down, and covered with a material woven from the hair of the sea-horse, which was so soft and glossy that it resembled satin. In the centre of the room was a small oval table of red coral, most beautifully carved, upon which were standing exquisitely-shaped urns of crystal, and goblets of amber. On one side of the room, between two of the columns, was suspended a heavy curtain of delicate rose-colored satin, and curiosity tempted me to lift it. I beheld another elegant room, evidently a sleeping-apartment ; for the first object that arrested my attention was a gracefully-shaped couch, elaborately carved from the purest white meerschäum, and shaded by a canopy of soft, rose-colored tissue. The bed and pillows were of the purest white, and seemed just the place 'a fairy would choose to dream in.' The floor was covered with a green matting, woven from the fine sea-grasses, but small rugs of white swan-down were scattered round as though to protect the feet of the inmates from coming in contact with the floor. The bath was of white stone, cut in shape of a large, graceful shell, and filled with perfumed water. The lamps were concealed in vases of transparent stone, and gave to the room the effect of a soft moon-light.

I know not how long I might have lingered entranced in this nest of luxury and refinement, had I not been startled by the voice of Alciope, who had entered unperceived, and was standing beside me. Come, said she, and signing me to follow her, she approached the table in the circular chamber, and filling one of the goblets with a sparkling liquid contained in one of the urns, she bade me drink it ; and, filling another for herself, she remarked : ' This possesses the power of rendering us invisible, and I think it a safe precaution in case of our meeting Amphitrite, Neptune's wife, who is so exceedingly jealous of me that she never loses any opportunity of annoying me, and endeavoring to weaken my influence with the Sea-King. I leave you to judge from what you have seen to-night how little cause I have to fear her, but were she to discover that I had introduced a mortal into the realms of Ocean, she might give us trouble by causing us delay ; for Neptune thinks it his best policy to pretend to listen to her complaints, and humors her to keep her quiet, and so she takes every opportunity to exert the little influence she possesses to annoy and vex me, and when other means fail to move her husband, she has recourse to tears and fainting-fits.' I could n't help laughing to think how much this description resembled some mortal women. Just then the sound of a trumpet echoed through the halls, and she exclaimed, ' Our faithful Triton summons us, let us be going,' and passing through several spacious chambers we came to the large gates, which flew open at our approach, and before it stood an elegant car formed like a large shell, and drawn by four magnificent white horses. She gave some parting injunctions to the attendant Nereides, sprang into the car, and beckoned me to follow. Triton blew a furious blast upon upon his trumpet, and our steeds bounded forward into the Ocean. Soon we were upon the surface, and dashing over the waves at such a lightning-like speed, that it almost took away my

breath, and yet it did not keep pace with my impatience. On, on we sped over the foaming billows, till, finally, the sights of lights in the distance announced that we were approaching land, and my companion announced to me that we had reached our destination. The harbor was filled with ships, and we could plainly hear the voices of the sailors, laughing and singing as they lounged upon the decks. 'And now,' said my companion, 'remember that we are still invisible. Shall I conduct thee thus to him thou seekest, or wilt thou resume thine own form?' 'Let me go to him thus, by all means; I would fain look upon him when he suspects not my presence.' 'Come, then,' she replied, 'and I trust thou may'st not have cause to repent the choice thou hast made to-night, for I should be sorry to see that beautiful confidence misplaced, and that steadfast love slighted.' We stepped upon the land and traversed several streets, till we came in sight of a gayly-lighted mansion, and the sound of music and revelry reached our ears, and showed that some festive scene was going on within. We entered, and passed into a magnificent banquet-hall. At first I was so completely dazzled by the blaze of lights, and the fusion of gay voices, that I could distinguish nothing. But presently my eyes became accustomed to the glare, and my senses more composed, and I gazed upon a brilliant company of fine-looking men, and beautiful women, seated at a richly-spread table. Wine sparkled in the goblets, toasts were given, and all seemed gay and joyous; but my heart almost ceased to beat, as among this brilliant throng I recognized the one I had come to seek. There was a smile on his lip as he bent his manly form to listen to some gay remark from a beautiful woman who was seated next; and then that well-loved voice, whose every tone was music to my heart, reached me in a playful rejoinder, and sent the blood thrilling through every vein, and I longed to rush forward and clasp him to my heart, when my companion whispered: 'Poor child, thou hast taken the wearisome journey but to witness his devotion to another, and I shall claim thy promise, and take thee back to my Ocean home, and number thee among my Nereides. Wilt thou come?' 'Not yet,' I replied, 'for I have seen nothing to make me think him false, and couldst thou look into his heart this moment, I feel assured thou wouldst find my image alone enshrined there; he told me that neither time nor absence could efface, and though oceans rolled between us, it could not divide our hearts; and I feel that he spoke truly. Look at that noble forehead, that proudly-curling lip, and tell me if deceit is written there.' 'Deluded mortal,' she answered, 'wilt thou not believe even what thou seest with thine own eyes?' And I said: 'I have seen nothing that should cause me to doubt him; he is gay and cheerful in the presence of a beautiful woman, and it is thus I would always have him be, when circumstances keep him from me; but I tell thee, if he might choose, he would never leave me to seek the side of another. He is bound to me by the holiest ties, and no woman can win him from me.' 'I will at least try the experiment,' replied Alciope, for it would indeed be a double triumph to prove to thee that I was right in my assertion of men's fickleness, by winning him from thee, and then carry thee off to my home beneath the sea,' and she laughed a light, mocking laugh,

that made me almost repent having put myself in her power. 'See,' she continued, 'they are about adjourning to the ball-room, let us follow; I will take the form of a beautiful woman, and use my every art to fascinate him, and we shall see how his boasted constancy will stand the test!' I was annoyed by the delay, but forced to yield, and in a moment she stood before me, one of the most lovely creatures my eyes ever beheld, and as though she had known the point most calculated to win him, she had assumed that air of high-bred refinement which I well knew was in his eyes, the greatest attraction a woman could possess; and as I saw his attention directed toward her, a death-like faintness came over me, and I felt as though this were too much of a trial even for his constancy, and trembled for the result. But just as Alciope was about to leave me, I saw his eye fall upon a ring he wore, and which had been my own gift to him under very peculiar circumstances, and the expression which passed over his face spoke to my heart as plainly as words could have done, and I felt that I had been wrong to doubt him even for a moment, and I whispered to Alciope: 'If thou canst obtain the ring he wears I will return with thee to thy ocean-home, but if not, I shall claim thy promise.' 'Only that ring,' said she, laughing, 'will that indeed satisfy thee?' And I replied that it would; for I well knew that nothing would tempt him to part with it till he had ceased to love the giver. Fearing I should not be able to retain my composure if I remained near them, I withdrew to a distant part of the room, and watching them from a distance, I saw them join the dancers, and he looked with admiration on his beautiful partner, a bright smile played upon his lip, and his eye was bright with pleasure, as they whirled by me in the waltz. The time hung wearily upon my hands; for it is but poor amusement to watch the man you love playing the agreeable to another woman, but to me it had at least the charm of novelty, and I could have almost found it in my heart to pity those poor wives and sweethearts, who are victims of the green-eyed monster, jealousy! It was the first time in my life that I had ever been able to understand the feeling. I did not find it pleasant, and it is a satisfaction to know that no mortal woman could raise that demon in my breast! At last I saw Alciope approaching, and she exclaimed: 'Thou mayst well be proud of thine empire over his heart, and thy confidence is well placed: I tried every fascination, every art to lure him from thee, but in vain; and as for that ring, he says he would not part with it for the brightest gem in an emperor's crown; and now I am ready to fulfil my promise, and lead thee to him. Come!' said she, and led the way to a quiet apartment; but my trembling limbs would scarcely allow me to follow, for the thought that I was indeed to see him again, seemed to have deprived me of all strength. I assumed my own form, and at the door she left me. He was alone, and had thrown himself listlessly upon a couch, as though wearied with the festive scene. A moment I stood in silent contemplation of that well-loved face, and then murmuring his name, rushed toward him. He started up, looked at me wildly, doubtingly, for a moment, as though he feared his senses were deceiving him, and then clasped me passionately to his heart, and his dear voice sounded in my ear, breathing fond assurances of continued love, and

sweetest terms of endearment, and I was happy once more. I could have rested thus for ever, but his eager questions forced me to raise myself, and I awoke, to find it all a dream! I was clinging to a rock, and my hair was wet with the night-dew, but my heart was happy.

Thus doth thy fond love cheer me,
Though thou art far away :
Thus doth the night-time utter
Words never heard by day.

Jelly 25th, 1856.

J. K. L.

READING TENNYSON.

BY MARY W. S. GIBSON.

Do you recall that summer's day,
When, straying long and far away,
Within a lovely spot,
Your shoulder pillowing my head,
I listened while you sat and read
'The Lady of Shalott?'

The deep blue sky seemed bending low :
I watched the white clouds come and go,
And looking up I knew,
By the kind smile upon your face,
The self-same things I loved to trace
Were dearly loved by you!

Had she, so long by passion tossed,
The lovely lady and the lost,
Come in between us there,
We should have welcomed her with eyes
Brimful of feeling, not surprise,
And soothed her lone despair.

O blessed hour! O blessed spot!
O lovely Lady of Shalott!
O friend so wise and dear!
To-day I ope the book again,
But try to find the charm in vain :
Would thou wert with me here!

Strong hills of granite, bold and high,
The beauty of a western sky
Had far more charms for me!
And where the noble Hudson flows,
O'er tipped with crimson as he goes,
My heart must ever be!

For thee, dear friend, whose paths are laid
Within the city's heat and shade,
I know 't is not forgot :
That day of conscious happiness,
That shape of light and loveliness,
The Lady of Shalott!

TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

'At about half-past one p.m., on the twenty-first of September, 1832, SIR WALTER SCOTT breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm, that every window was wide open; and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose.'

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.

THE sunset's evanescent smile,
That gilds the long and shadowy aisle
Of Dryburgh's old monastic pile,
Seems slow to fade
From the sepulchral marble bed,
Where rests the venerated head
Of SCOTT—with his forefathers dead,
All lowly laid.

Fit place of rest!
Around him famous champions lie,
His ancestry of years fled by,
Each with his sculptured effigy
Stretched o'er the dust!
Bones of grave monks repose around,
Of knights in feudal wars renowned,
Of mailed nobles, each one crowned
With his grim bust.

Dead saints their holy palms expand,
Dark soldiers clasp the stony brand;
The pluméd casque, the priestly wand,
Watch o'er his sleep.
Well did he love your lives to paint,
Rough vassal and monastic saint,
In life-like tale or lyric quaint,
With colorings deep.

Well did he love the shadows dim,
That o'er departed ages swim,
To pierce, till they revealed to him
Their deeds of gloom.
Well did the Great Magician wield
His staff, till each ensanguined field
Its dead at his command would yield
From Time's dark womb.

He spake, and the soft landscape spread
Its verdurous borders to the tread;
Groves mingled their thick tops o'erhead,
Herds roamed below:
The stag and the wild boar swept by,
Loud peals the hunter's cheery cry,
Whistling the cloth-yard arrows fly,
Sharp twangs the bow.

He sang! and in the lofty strain
Cheviot's bald summits gleamed again,
Each mount in Scotland's broad domain
Up rose to view;
Loch-Lomond and Loch-Katrine's roar
Resound along the idle shore,
And Tweed's melodious channels pour
Their waves of blue.

He sang! the brier-rose oped its bloom,
The sweet fern mingled its perfume,
The heath-flower tossed its colored plume
O'er hill and dale.
His voice aroused deep solitudes,
Drear deserts and primeval woods,
Amid whose brown impetuous floods
Trode the wild Gael.

The fisher, in his rocking skiff,
Beneath Ben Nevis' craggy cliff,
Heard the wild song;
The sheep-boy, tending his white fold,
And maiden, with her locks of gold,
In silken snood or tartan rolled,
Dancing along.

He sang! and the bold mountaineer,
Whose bones for many a dusty year,
'Neath savage cairn or snow-drift drear,
Forgot had lain;
Flashed his tough spear and smote his shield,
His claymore his stout arm would wield,
And o'er his ancient battle-field
Stalked forth again.

MONTROSE awoke, and MORAY's star
Shone o'er the lurid clouds of war,
While ARGYLE and bluff EARL OF MAR,
At Sheriff-Muir,
Again the barbéd horsemen led;
Again the lowland sword grew red,
Again the stalwart clansmen bled,
O'er heath and moor.

He spake! and loud the clarion pealed,
As IVANHOE, with spear and shield,
Triumphant held the tented field
Against the foe.
RICHARD of England swings his blade,
And the bold outlaws swarm the glade,
With falchion and with shaft arrayed,
And bended bow.

MEG MERRILIES, with her gipsy brood,
Kindle their camp-fires in the wood;
DIRK HATTERAICK plots his deeds of blood,
In caverns grim;
That 'BERTRAM's right and BERTRAM's might
Should meet on Ellangowan height,'
MEG toils at morn, MEG toils at night,
For love of him.

ROB ROY his rugged Caterans leads,
 MAC IVOR on the scaffold bleeds,
 DALGETTY on his 'provant' feeds,
 BRADWARDINE'S guest;
 Sweet LUCY ASHTON droops in grief,
 Fair AMY ROBSART'S dream is brief,
 POOR EFFIE DEANS seeks sweet relief
 On JEANNIE'S breast.

He sleeps! where Dryburgh flaunts the weed,
 And ivies their green tendrils lead,
 While fast beside the silver Tweed
 Perpetual pours:
 Yon towers of Abbotsford arise,
 And watch the spot where low he lies,
 And near the latest sunbeam dies,
 On fair Melrose!

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER EIGHT.

SLOPER'S SUMMER EXPERIENCES CONTINUED.

'AND so,' observed beautiful Widow Twiggles, 'you have followed me all the way to Cape May?'

'Yes,' answered I, 'I came a-Maying after the sweetest flower that ever grew — and have found it.'

'In an arbor!'

'Well,' said I, looking around, 'if we come to that, I reckon I'd better call you a lady-apple; for that's the only real pretty, rosy, sweet, first-rate, tart little beautiful thing that I ever saw kept under dead leaves. Country folks say it makes the color come. I b'lieve that's so.'

And I believe it was, for by the time I had got out that last speech there was a color on Amelia's cheeks which would have torn down a peck of madder. Perhaps it was the evening clouds which shone that sun-set with an extra ferocious crimson, like as if the fire of the day had burned down some, and the last and hottest coals were being raked out just before the black ashes of night should be piled over them. There we sat in the arbor composed of pine boards and covered with dry oak boughs, and the evening winds kept a-twisting and rustling the leaves, and we looked down at the roaring great waves running up like cream-soda on the beach, and at two little boys who kept chasing of them and prodding them with sticks, as if they expected to pin them down, and at the rest of the children, who were digging for dear life in the sand without regard to dress or rank, and at one soli-

tary old foggy in a yellow-flannel bathing-dress, who was out bobbing around in the surf on his own hook, and at three niggers who were bathing further off, apparently in an advanced state of delirium tremendous, to judge from the high-pressure yells and extra-super-dreadful grins in which they were breaking loose. Way off there was a pilot-boat with a great H. on its sail, and further still, lots of craft, looking like Millerites in ascension-robes on top of the blue sky — half way up to glory.

‘Mr. Sloper,’ remarked Amelia, ‘ever since I have been down here, I’ve been trying to think what those waves resemble, or what that sea is most like. I sit and watch and think and think, till all I know is that they ebb and flow, and make wild music; and that is as far as I ever get. But oh! it is so delicious to bewilder one’s self in such feeling!’

‘I rather guess,’ said I, ‘though I can’t pretend to be one of your cute sort, that you’re a good deal nearer to the true nature of the big drink than many folks who come down to recite poetry to it. When I hear folks do that, I always think of the days at school, when we used to declaim verses the last thing on Saturday forenoon, just before the holiday of the week begun. So these good people seem to think that before their watering-place holiday can regularly begin, they must rush down to the old ocean, like as they used to go before the old school-master, and say the scraps they’ve got by heart. After they’ve done that once or twice, they rush off home and act about as poetical as news-boys at a steam-boat landing. But as for the sea——’

‘Yes, Mr. Sloper: what are your opinions of the sea?’

It is a queer point in the widow — but a first-chop one — that she takes an interest in what most folks say, and particularly in what I say. Many and many a time, when I’m breaking loose and trotting along in my talk, dealing out mere loose nonsense and such small chaff as men generally bestow on ladies, Amelia makes me ‘hold my horses, will you?’ by nothing more nor less than that same simple expression of interested attention which is so uncommonly becoming to her. I have seen other women — not many — who used to put on that same look, and none but a *mighty* superior woman *can* ever do it. *That look* — well, it wilts down and dries up small talk to just what it’s worth, and the man would be Shanghai stuck up with a vengeance who could answer such a glance with some fol-de-riddle-jig-my-diddle stuff. Sometimes that look scares me a little, though — it’s so like orders to fire, and the gun not loaded.

There’s many a man who goes on spinning the meanest sort of small yarn all his life long, about town, who might be regenerated into the very apostleship of common-sense — or something more — if he only knew a woman smart enough for him to respect, who would occasionally look him in the face as if she expected that there was something a-coming worth listening to. That’s all.

It made me feel considerably stove in, to see Amelia Twiggles suddenly arouse and go forth at me with an air of interest, not having at the instant any intellectual dimes wherewith to answer the check. Wherefore and therefore I put on a regular top-not-come-down aspect of take-your-time-a-tiveness and slowly devolved with

'The sea — that is to say, the waves or waters of the ocean, or as folks call them, the billows, or as Hiram says, the splurging heavy swells — taken altogether always flash upon my mind like — a woman.'

'Really!'

'Yes, and actually.' (Here I began to feel myself in funds.) 'Like a woman, and considerably like love, for the two go together like pudding and sauce. (Ahem!) Well, in love you are always chasing or getting chased. Run away and you're followed, follow and you get run away from.'

'What a horrible idea!'

'I'm talking of most cases, as they run, and not of the prime samples. Well, suppose that Beauty flirts with you. Even if she retreats, like those waves in an ebb-tide, she do n't make a clear cut and run for dear life. Not a fraction of it! First she washes way up to your feet; then runs back; then sends a cloud of miscellaneous, shining, wordy nothings after you like a lot of spray; then sweeps up and around with a scarf of soft foam, just as the dancing girls at Niblo's pretend to try to catch the young fellows; and then *la la* she sinks, sweeps, rolls way back again, giving you the dodge, yet looking at you all the while with half-shut, die-away eyes and head thrown back, and you hear nothing but whispering whispers, and then the first thing you know the tide's out and the game's up, and you are left high and dry with the clams!'

'Mournful indeed!' replied Amelia; 'and of course when the affection is the other way, Beauty, even while advancing, keeps falling back continually, and composes her progress out of numberless little retreats. Well, Mr. Sloper, I'll not deny that you're right. I once saw a pocket-handkerchief, which, now that I think of it, puts me in mind of your idea of the sea and of love. In its centre there was a great YES, each letter of which was made up of ever so many little *noes*. It was sent by a lady in Cincinnati to a gentleman who believed that she did n't favor his suit, when, goodness knows, the poor thing was dying for him. They were married.'

'They ought,' said I, 'to make handkerchiefs with great *noes* on them, compounded out of little *yeses*.'

'What for?'

'To send to a gentleman when his nose is out joint.' And with this four ladies and two gentlemen entered the arbor, and I gave my arm to Amelia, and we went forth for a walk upon the beach.

THE BEACH.

WHEN Cape May is full, it contains from seven to ten thousand natives of the United States and some Jerseymen. These Jerseymen, or a few of them, it is said, stay in town in the hope of getting a chance to steal the silver dollar which constitutes the capital of the bank of Cape Island, and which, to prevent failure, is securely nailed to its counter.* In fact the city is not, after all, so very imparticularly small as

* SINCE writing the above, MACE SLOPER has raked the following relative to this Bank out of the Philadelphia *North American* of August 4, 1856. After all, MACE is only fifteen cents out of the way in his bank statement.

'Cape Island has it bubbles, like greater cities. A lot of keen New-Yorkers got a bank char-

some may think, since it contains several local quarrels of tremendous size, not to mention four watchmen who, when imprudent enough to go straying about at night, serve for endless amusement to the gay visitors of the 'Blue Pig,' by whom they are occasionally arrested and locked up in bath-houses or ducked in the surf. Consequently—or quinquesequentially—Cape May can exhibit of evenings nothing shorter than a tolerably tall crowd in the way of promenaders, since the beautiful and serene cheese here, consists of turning out a long, perambulating funeral every evening on the beach.

Thar' they are—by thousands! Ladies and gentlemen, all out for a breeze; all blowing off the splendid in ge-orgious array; all swelling on a super-eminent bender of sentiment and 'old ocean;' all tip-totally comfortable, (if so be that the mosquitoes are on a salt furlough) all upper crusty, shop sunk, windows closed and out for the evening. Imagine a great long, hard beach, covered as far as the opera-glass can reach with people well dressed and nothing under it, in couples, triplets, quadruplets, quadrupeds, and so on, trailing after one another just as if it was promenade hour in Broadway, only the Broadway wanting. The contrast between Nature and Art is awful; but whether the Shanghais or the Ocean are most stunning, 'naturalists is not agreed.'

'Hip—hip—ha—a—a—ay there!' shouted a well-known voice, as a splendid team went by with dreadful velociousness. It was Hiram in his glory and radiance, with his two pet 'kittens,' *Wretch* and *Demon*. The crowd had admiration in them, and Hiram was bound to wrench it out of them—or die. 'Splendid!'—'tip top!'—'glorious!' 'Who is he?'—'Who the h—l is it?'—'go it, old Brimstone!' One glimpse of that magnificent beard and moustache—one gleam of the immortal tile—and Hiram was off with the wind. The wheels of his wagon followed the heels of the crabs, and the ladies knew from the Inlet even unto Poverty Beach, that there was a new lion broke loose in the menagerie.

We meandered along and among the crowd—Amelia and I—one of her small hands hooked to my arm, while the other regulated, sustained, maintained, and otherwise supported and arranged a great variety of upholstery *frouncee* which the evening sea-breeze insisted on exploring and ballooning about with as much obstinacy as if it had bought tickets to look at her ankles, and was bound to have a fair sight. Suddenly one hand slid away from me, and the miles of uncounted skirt indulged in a wild flap of freedom, as Amelia with a small shriek of rapture suddenly saluted and embraced a young lady who screamed on the same scale with corresponding sentiments of how-do-you-find-yourself-a-tiveness.

The young lady was what is generally called 'a female of strikingly prepossessing exterior,' since she not only had great white arms and very little pink gloves, but several red streamers about five inches broad and five feet long, flying from her shoulders and head. The remainder of her person seemed to be a miscellaneous sort of hurrah's

tered there, took in all the people of the place for subscriptions of stock, erected a banking edifice, and after a short existence closed its doors. On their being broken open some time afterward, only eighty-five cents were found in the vault. All the stockholders could get for their investment was by the sale of the building.'

nest, or promiscuous wilderness of all sorts of lace and jewelry, among which about four dozen bracelets shone conspicuously. Her eyes were of the mixed tom-cat and sheet-lightning species, being about as black and piercing as the points of the d — l's horns, while her immense crop of jetty curls made a wilderness so big that a reasonable-sized man might have been lost in them and have died of perfume, (like a bumble-bee in a blacking-bottle,) before he found his way out.

'La!' — 'dear' — 'my dear' — 'la!' — 'oh! dear!' — 'when *did* you arrive?' — 'call and see us, dear!' — 'of course, dear' — 'good evening, dear!' — *et cetera*, and so on, including, of course, a slight shot-on-the-wing sort of introduction to 'Miss Bobbitypod — Mr. Sloper.' The parting salutes given, and the Beautiful One having sailed away in all the flush of a mild rush of rouge, grace, affability, and heliotrope, the widow proceeded to particulars.

'Lodora Windabel Bobbitypod — great belle — they call her the Steamboat Bell up and down the Mississippi, because she's always going, and as your friend Hiram says, because she's always ringing it into the beaux. She has caused a great many sensations — one in Cincinnati, two in Natchez, two or three in New-Orleans, four in Washington, and a very striking sensation last winter in New-York.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes, indeed. She's quite a gay girl, very fond of excitement, and perhaps a *little* wee bit too dashy — for the East. Such things strike one rather more here,' continued the widow reflectfully, as if it had just some how occurred to her for the first time, that Miss Bobbitybell had — so far as outside went — just the least bit in the world too much flash gaudy about her. 'But — she's a very nice girl — so generous — and so kind-hearted!'

'And a first-rate lot you are, yourself, Amelia Twiggles,' thought I, as we plumenaded along on the sand beside of the tearing old waves. 'Now it's queer, — isn't it — that just now, for the first time in your life, it came into your head, (and *you* one of the smartest and observingest women that ever lived,) that that damsel who seems to have gone to Scarlet Babylon for her style and dress-patterns, should have struck you as a *little* too flashy!' Well, it's the way of life! We may live among the fast and flashy till we notice it no longer, and till a peacock seems to be nothing more than an old hen; but the miracle of all is, that if we're naturally sensible and modest ourselves, (like as the widow is,) all the scarlet examples in the world won't make us one shade redder.'

I do n't know whether this notion will hit the reader as it did *me*. Mace Sloper do n't pretend to be one of your smart sort, and is moreover rather behind time on the literary, so that it probably often happens to him to stop and tinker away at something that's no news at all to the regular old hands of the writing business. Yes, *that's so!* And what hits him queerest of all, and is most uncomprehensible, is, that what comes easiest in these observations, and which is 'quintessentially' of the commonest sort and least value, is just what Mr. Clark and Mr. Shelton say is the best of all. That's the way though in all business, dry-goods, hardware, or books, and nobody knows beforehand how the tastes of customers will run.

OTHER PROMENADERS.

As we tortled along over the sand I begun to notice a couple walking just before, the man being rigged out in long-tail-blue with brass 'butts,' and the female in white with a yellow-fringed green parasol.

'O Catherine! and is n't it iligant intirely here be the say-side fore-ninst the waves, walking over the pibbles in the coolth of the avenin'? *Don't* ye see the bits of waves now a-runnin' afther one another, jist as all the b'ys is a-runnin' afther ye, darlin'? Jist look at the clouds, and the iligant risimblance — sure an it's all mighty sintimental, it is — and it minds me of the beautiful powetry:

'As I was a walkin' wid ARTHUR MAC BRIDE,
One Sunday mornin' upon the say-side,
Looking for pastime whativir betide —
As it happened on Christimis mornin'!

It is n't unlikely that Catherine made some answer, but before I heard it a couple of youths came along, and their conflag rose above it.

'Well, old chap, this is rather spicy ne v, ain't it? This is the sorter thing that *I* AIN'T down on. This here breeze has got a fly in it — it sets *me* up — it does. Just twig that greeny-blue sky, with the stars like billiard-balls rolling over the cloth. How would you play them three up there, supposing the corner one was your ball and the moon was the pocket?'

This answer was lost likewise by being crowded out by a fresh note from a new-comer:

'Yes, Sir, the moon is *very* fine, and, as I was saying, there never was a better time to invest in the Wamskatequa coal-shares than *now*. Yes — yes — I observe — you're a-pointing to the sea — but let me tell *you*, Sir, that subscriptions to *that* stock are coming in just as fast as those waves — and its a-rising, Sir, like that tide. Breeze! — I should think so! — it blows. Yes, and there's been a mighty sight of blowing along Wall-street about the Triangle railroad and its six-foot gouges and ten plates; but mind your eye on it, Sir! breezes die away, and it's my private opinion that the Triangle will bring up like that wave, Sir — in awful smash.'

Three young ladies and a dummy in the shape of a silent male escort in white linen, came fluttering along and piped down Wall-street:

'Yes — they say he's really attentive to her — quite desperately smitten, though he's hardly off with Lucy Cottontwill — and Annie went in bathing with his sister's robe to-day, so that I'm quite sure there's *something in it*. And Marian Dicerly came on yesterday from Baltimore; but she won't be belle here this season, now she's in colors; black was so much more becoming to her. Oh! yes; her cousin Pinkey is *lovely*, with her hair *à la Eugenie*, but she's perfectly horrid with it puffed plain, and I really *do* believe that she left it off just because Hamilton Smack compared it to cow's horns. O girls — girls — *did* you see Hattie Wincher's dress at the hop last night? where *does* she get such a horrid taste? for I'm sure her mother and sister if they tell her once tell her twenty times every day she goes out what to buy; and one would think her skirts were made of bramble-

bushes. What! you *do n't* say that Jem Barryden is *really* over at Miller's? Well, it's very plain what he's *there* for. Yes, I know that Julie would n't receive his attentions, and he *did* send such elegant bouquets, but I *dare say* that it will come to *something*. That family have *such* luck in presents. I *do* believe that her sister has Maillard's boxes sent her every week by the dozen, and when Juney was married, goodness! I *never* saw so much silver, and that droll old Buckles went round saying that half of it was hired.'

And by this time we had passed every body, and the crowd was behind us, and Amelia said nothing, and I ditto. But there was tall talking going on between our hands, and once in a while I saw a remark in the widow's eyes which it would take a smarter writer than Mace Sloper to set down on paper.

THE HOP.

THERE's always a pretty considerable stack of Baltimoreans to be found at Cape May during the season — and very nice folks they are, too; the young ladies being beautiful, and the boys lively enough in all conscience. Generally speaking, they are A No. 1, and above par a great way. Still, I'm not one of your cute sort, so may be mistaken, but I can't allow, after all that's been said about Baltimore beauty, that it beats the New-York. No, Sir. You may say, if you like, that New-York beauty is all born somewhere else — *that* aint in the count; for wherever it comes from, it's *thar*, and there's where to look for it. Broadway, Sir, in grand promenade, beats all creation for the intensity of loveliness in muslin, and the man who can face its music and not knock under to the tune, has pitched himself about fourteen notes higher than *my* time — let him slide!

Still all this don't prove that Miss Gloriana Caramel of Baltimore was n't a real picture beauty of that sort that a painter might have hit her off exactly with black paint on an ivory ground. So was her cousin Adora, and a very pretty triplet they made with the widow Twiggles, when the latter introduced me to them, after our walk on the beach.

'You are going to the hop this evening, Mr. Sloper?' sighed Gloriana. There was nothing spooney about her, but there was a sort of summer-wind touch about her voice which just made a fellow feel warm, and set him to thinking of ice-cream and idleness.

'All right, Mace,' suddenly exclaimed Hiram, as he slid mysteriously among us. 'Put myself down for two chances — give you one. Miss Gloriana Caramel, I have the pleasure. I believe. Miss Adora, your humble adorer hopes that he is welcome to Cape Island! Is my old friend, your father, here? Mrs. Twiggles! is all the beauty in existence centered on the jumping-off point of New-Jersey?'

'O Mr. Twine! do wind up your line!' exclaimed Amelia; 'or, if you must fish, *do n't* be always putting compliments on the hook. We won't bite.'

'I only offer what you receive daily from all the world. But, ladies, I've been looking all over the hotel, up-sides down and around for you — just arrived — floor-manager already — shall I have the pleasure of escorting to our hop?'

There was the usual flutter about being too tired, and the usual agreement to 'just look in,' and after fifteen minutes of preparation, the ladies being already dressed, I was walking round and round the great dining-room which had been cleaned and lit for the purpose, inspecting that hottest of all steaming institutions, and raggedest sort of outside imitation of a city-ball — 'a Cape May hop!'

From the great roaring ocean, and the evening breeze, and ships and stars, and moonlight-loving, to a low ceiling, gas-lighted hotel dining-room, rigged up for a dollar-ball, *is* coming down by the run with a vengeance, and the d — l to pay. 'This,' thought I, '*is* rushing the rionocerious over the hoppopontomus with a screech. From the city, from all sorts of dissipation, they go cavorting out, honey-fugging their consciences with the patent-salve idea of rest and relaxation, and of making up for last season's devilment, and then go snorting into *hops* as if they were a pious thing. Well, we must run with the school, and when a man has cracked the shell, he may as well take a suck at the milk in the cocoa-nut.'

This was my last thought, for all the rest were soon steamed out of me. Like a tempest rose the blare and rattle of music; like a wind went the voices of every body talking — *cracketty pack clack!* went the heels of dancers, widow Twiggles leaned on my arm like a basket-full of Paradise; Hiram and his accomplices went darting around with great satin ribbons in their coats, like shooting-stars; old friends and new made themselves known. I found myself broke loose without knowing how, in a mazurka with the widow, spinning around as easy as a tetratum, and steered by providence (or the other party) safely clear of the most dangerous sorts of reefs of clumsy waltzers. Found myself drawn into the bar-room by a miracle — never saw the place before — found that the miracle was Hiram Twine, who had 'boosted' me along before him by the shoulders — got a strong slap which revived me — came to life in the cool air — Mace, old fellow, what's your tippie? — sherry-cobblers — Dick, mind and give us the right bottle now, none of your d — d old cooking wine — gentlemen, here's to you' — and I was *set up*.

Set up, exceedingly salubrious, and fit to travel! Then we turned in on the muslin and went at them like hungry lions. Carried Adora Caramel off like a shot, through some mysterious compound of a waltz, while Hiram darted on Gloriana, and made her a willing victim. Come now, this business is n't so bad after all — and Adora Cobbler or Sherry Caramel, is n't so bad to take neither. Now, we're bobbin' around — around — it is over — polka — undo my optics and behold Amelia — do it again as I did it before — waltz — same tune — glorious exceedingly!

Some women in waltzing hang on to you like a tin-kettle, some stick to you, and some fit to you like a glove. They dance close and warm, but most delicious easy, and no body notices it. That's the widow's style. O apricots! what a dance! — it rushes like new blood — too serious for talking — dies out with the very last note squeezed out of the horn.

Refreshments rather slim — awful wink from Hiram — something secret, silent, and extra in disguise for the Caramels, Twiggles, and friends — something equally secret for Hiram, and I again out in bar-

room. Drinks all round, with lots of old friends, and squads of new ones. Harman Striker, from Cumea, in York State, rises up behind the bar — rather drunk — where he has gone to find that *private* jug, and is immensely delighted at being called a d — d toddy-mixer, and at being told to make four cocktails sooner than — or get his head caved in. Tries to do it, and is told how. ‘G’ way there now — Poppy-top — ler’ a feller — lone!’ Spills much brandy and a great many bit-ters, and is finally escorted off, earnestly roaring: ‘If ery borry wans to *fight* — now — lerrem come on. Gawd — — — — —’

Return to hop-room, and find Amelia dancing with a respectable slim Philadelphian. Wish him at the Old Harry. Introduced — finds he reads KNICKERBOCKER — admires my sketches — knows Kimball, Bean, and all that crowd — think a great deal more of him — Widow makes a motion to adjourn — Gloriana and Adora going — Miss Parkerby going — Harry, and Ellen Cottontwill, and Lucy in for one more dance — we vamose the ranch, and after five minutes’ nonsense on the stair-case, and one glass of ice-water among the three girls, (we always call Amelia a girl) the turtles go to roost.

T H E S U P P E R .

‘MACE,’ said Hiram, as we turned out on the portico, ‘if you fancy plover — it’s rather early, but they’ve got a few in good condition, and some oysters that will astonish you — just drop in with me — you’re invited. It is rather a mixed-up party, but one that you can wind off with, and — here’s one of them now. Mr. Sloper, Mr. Stowder, Mr. Stowder, Mr. Sloper.’

Mr. Stowder was a Pennsylvanian Judge, one of that description known in Vermont and other places as Flower-Pot Judges, as associate judges are there called to distinguish them from *law* judges. Some folks say that they belong to the court of the hundred judges — a delicate way of assigning them a place among the *ciphers* — which came after that *one*. However, the Judge was an immense man — on whiskey — and possessed, in an eminent degree, that ox-like figure and expression so characteristic of the rural dignitaries of his State. A slight German accent did not prevent him from being sound, as he said, ‘on ter coose question,’ and though he kept remarkably shut among strangers, he was not the less a very shrewd man in his way, and one gifted with wonderful abilities in the art of selling coal stocks.

We came in with the supper, which was very soon furnished, and put out of the way. Less so with the liquor, especially the ‘Mumm’s,’ which came right along in a string, and made all hands any thing but mum. General feeling of hilarity was soon manifested, and a disposition to lay round loose among the specimens of Young America present. Ripstaving developments from young Norrits of Philadelphia, who had always put me in mind of a shut-up furnace, and who now came tearing out like aforesaid furnace when opened, and the draft on. Grand speech from him: ‘Gentlemen, we welcome you to the hospital of New-Jersey! We welcome you to its waters, and long may they wave!’ (Cheers and drinks all round.) We invite you to Poverty

Beach, and beg that you won't take its name for your example. We summon you to the Inlet, and beg you to beware of Old Smashpipes, our landlord, or you'll be LET IN. (Terrific cheers and a tiger.) We shall greet your visit to Cold Spring, and advise you not to get *sprung*. We offer our regards to you, and shall do the same with our bathing-houses — *when we get 'em*. We cordially direct your attention to the breakers, and hope that you won't be dead-broke before you leave. Finally, gentlemen, we welcome you in the name of a choice and select few whose name is Legion, and who are, and always will be, first in crackers, first in cheese, and first in liquor with their countrymen.'

His kind reception was followed by several thousand cheers, mixed up with drinks, and another speech from Cottontwill, who began by exalting the platform of Free-Love, Free-Liquor, and Free-Fights, as upheld by Freebooters and Free-shoe-ters, including sundry remarks on Spiritualism, Mowing Machines, and the Aztec Children, with special reference to Early Piety, Ink-Wipers, and Cent-a-Grab Thermometers, and wound up by imploring the Committee on Soap-and-Water to hand in a report from Sharp's Rifles. More applause from several parties, considerably 'yorked,' and a vocal assurance from some body that 'the ten-spot takes the nine-spot, and the ace he takes 'em all — and since we're here together met, we won't go home at all.' Glasses breaking and Luke Cranberry of Mount-Holly, after striking out for a Corkscrew-Polka, gyrates under the table, crying out for 'a lil'l more tin-top-turnip-juice!' Grand crash from a fresh orator on the floor, and a proposition to adjourn. Motion carried, and a cheerful rush out of doors. What next? Splendid perambulating serenade down to the bathing-houses, with extempore variations on the text of 'Lettuce-salad and lobster-claw. Prettiest girl that ever you saw.' Big Injun chorus and move for a bath, seconded by a full-dress rush into the breakers by Cottontwill and Harman Striker, who has come in at the eleventh hour tighter than ever. Then a stripping off in double-quick time, and a last yell, as a tremendous surf makes a ten-strike of the bathers. We all arise and advance, feeling glorious. Cottontwill strikes out and swims beyond the third breaker, becoming invisible, to the great terror of the sober, who implore him to return. 'Co-o-tton-twill — come back! — you d — d fool — come back!' Then a grand chorus of 'Swim in — you stupid — infernal —' The waves break, and little sparkles of fire shine in the waters, but a faint *hoo-hoo-guggle-goo!* far outside is the only report from Cottontwill, now regarded as a goner. Some body says, 'life-boat!' — 'rope!' and 'let's join hands!' Another man thinks he see 'Old Cot' 'a little nearer in,' but his report is crushed out by a roaring breaker, which buries four or five, exhibiting splendid specimens of ground-and-lofty tumbling. We join hands, and the last man out hollers: 'I've got him!' Then we all pull like sixty, and hurrah like seventy, and Cottontwill is hauled in, perfectly fresh, and all set up, a little shaky, but game and pluck to the bone.

How we sleep after that bath! If any man is out of nap, let him try a night-dip in the breakers. And I fall asleep, into a blessed vision of floating on sea-foam to the tune of hop-music, while over my head swims a cloud of muslin from the middle of which sticks out the seraphim face of the adorable Amelia Twiggles.

L E T U S P A R T K I N D L Y

BY RACHEL A. ACKERMAN.

'The heart must leap kindly back to kindness.'—BYRON.

I.

LET us part kindly, we've journeyed together
Many a path, through Life's sunshine and storm:
Oft have our tears o'er the same sorrow blended,
Oft have our smiles o'er one joy brightened warm.

II.

Haply some time have our glances met coldly,
Haply kind wishes and words then were few;
Envy and strife may have sought to embitter
And sunder our hearts that should beat fond and true.

III.

Now let the past with its faults be forgiven,
Nevermore aught of its bitterness tell;
Let but Love's Charity, daughter of heaven,
Fold its white wings around Friendship's farewell.

IV.

Here, let us make a new covenant for ever,
Banish all self from its pure trusting tone;
Chide no more harshly the sins of each other,
He shall judge all who is perfect alone.

V.

Stand we to-day on the same pleasant threshold,
Yet ere the morrow may leagues roll between;
Soon for sweet counsel and twilight communion.
Each on the other no longer shall lean.

VI.

Hope's star is bright: shall we meet ere its setting
Gayly, or freighted with years and with wo?
Still glides the Future with sealed lips before us,
Feeble and finite, oh! what can we know?

VII.

Let us part kindly then, sister and brother,
Many barks sink drifting out on Life's main;
Hand clasped in hand, pressed each mute lip more fondly
Ne'er may we meet on this wide earth again.

Philadelphia, August, 1856.

A MONTH AT THE RACKET.

'WHY don't you write an account of that famous expedition?' said Uncle Robert to me one day, while relating it for the fifteenth time to some feminine relatives; 'for by so doing you will save a great deal of wind, and probably spare your conscience a little, for I have heard you tell it at least half-a-dozen times, and the number of deer killed seems to increase with every relation. I've no doubt that you might (with a little embellishment) make an article interesting enough for a Magazine — for a Putnam or a KNICKERBOCKER; and furthermore, it might be the means of inducing others to explore that region and derive the same enjoyment that you have done. Come, Bob, try your hand at it, and give the 'wide, wide world' the benefit of your experience 'in the bush.' Acting on this suggestion, my dear MR. EDITOR, I have been induced to draw the following sketch of a 'Month at the Racket,' made up chiefly of extracts from my journal and contributions from a lady of the party, and should you or your readers derive any gratification from its perusal, 'tis Uncle Robert you must thank, for without his timely hint, I should never have thought of writing for a magazine.

There is in the centre of this State, (New-York,) within a few miles of our very doors, a district of country as great a wilderness as you can find this side of the Rocky Mountains. It is one vast region of mountains, lakes, and rivers, which, for their number and beauty, are unsurpassed by those of any portion of the United States. It is known on the map as Hamilton County, but should be styled the 'County of the Lakes,' from the infinite number of these inland seas, which are scattered throughout it, each communicating with the other by means of rivers, ever and anon assuming the form of rapids and cataracts, foaming and tumbling along, until they find their way to the Atlantic, both by the St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers. The Black, Moose, Sacandaga, St. Regis, Racket, and Indian rivers take their rise here, flowing through Lakes Pleasant, Indian, Racket,* Piseco, and Long Lake. Although many of these lakes have been visited by a few adventurous hunters, yet there are some whose echoes have never been awakened by the crack of a rifle, or their waters disturbed by the 'cast of a fly.' This country was formerly known as the hunting-ground of the St. Regis Indians, and is yet worthy of the name; for nowhere east of the Mississippi can you find a section of country of the same size so abounding in large game as this same Hamilton county.

It is fifty-six miles long by twenty-eight wide, and contains six hundred and eighty thousand eight hundred acres of land, of which only nineteen hundred are cultivated. The number of inhabitants at the last census was nineteen hundred and forty, scattered through seven towns, of which Lake Pleasant is the principal. With this geographical preface, I will now proceed to the promised sketch.

"T was on the twenty-fifth July we started from Constableville for this 'Eldorado' of the hunter. Our party consisted of fifteen, namely :

* Racket Lake is 1745 feet above tide-water.

six gentlemen, four ladies, two hunters, and three drivers, who were to convey us in two carriages, with a wagon for our baggage and provisions. The roads were so bad, and the difficulty of procuring means of conveyance so great, that our captain would allow each one (ladies included) only twenty-five pounds of baggage, stowed into the smallest kind of a carpet-bag.

Our first day's journey brought us to Fenton's (thirty-five miles) which was the last clearing on our route. Here we dismissed one of the carriages, as the road had become so rugged that walking was decidedly the easier mode of conveyance.

With one lady on horseback attended by a cavalier, three in the carriage with the captain, and the rest on foot carrying their guns and rifles, to be ready for any game that might spring on their pathway, we started from Fenton's at an early hour, in order to reach our first camp (twenty-three miles) before night-fall. In consequence of the recent rains, the road was in many places almost impassable, and so heavy that our wagon frequently 'got stuck.' We however reached Stillwater (half-way) at two, where we found the bridge in such a state as to oblige us to unhitch our horses, and draw the wagons over by hand. It now commenced raining again, just as we were preparing to take our lunch, which we dispatched in a hurry, as we had prospects of a dark and stormy night overtaking us before we could reach the foot of Albany mountain, where our camps had been built for us. With the assistance of Jimmy Cain,* we got our horses and vehicles safely across the river, and hitching to again, made another start.

The road we now found still worse than the 'other side of Jordan,' which we had thought as bad as could be. We however plunged and wallowed along, the ladies with difficulty keeping in their carriage, yet raining too hard for them to walk, until darkness overtook us, about three miles from camp, when we heard a sharp crack from the baggage-wagon, with a cry of 'There goes the axle!' As the rest of the party walking were far ahead, I found myself alone with the ladies in this dilemma, being obliged to drive, while our driver walked ahead to pilot us, as we could not see the horses' heads. My first thought was, that we must pass the night in the carriage, as there was no possibility of passing the baggage-wagon, from the rocks and trees that hemmed us in on all sides. As we had the provisions with us, our case was not so bad as it might be. However, on examining the axle, (which was of wood,) I found the crack was *lengthwise*, and did not weaken it so much as I at first supposed; so lashing it with some stout cord, we ventured on, and soon met some of the party with pine torches coming in quest of us, the captain being somewhat alarmed at our non-appearance.

At half-past nine, without further accident, we reached the foot of Albany mountain, where we were joined by the rest of our party, who with blazing torches and shouts of welcome, conducted us through the wet bushes, over mossy stumps and trunks of fallen trees to the camps, about seventy yards distant, where two rousing fires soon dis-

* THIS JIMMY CAIN is a miserable specimen of humanity, who, according to his own account, has been living at this spot for the past seven years, in a wretched shanty, with no companion but a dog.

pelled the gloom of darkness and of rain, in which we had been enveloped for the last three hours. After a hearty supper in the ladies' camp, of hot tea, cold ham and bread, we left them to their first sleep in the woods, and retired to our own camp, about ten rods off, and throwing ourselves down in our wet clothes, on a bed of fresh hemlock boughs, with our feet to the fire, slept as soundly as on a bed of roses.

Morning of 27th. — Still raining, but with prospects of breaking away.

Breakfast over at eight, we resumed our journey. The rain having ceased the ladies preferred walking to being tossed about as they were yesterday; but as the leaves were still dripping and the roads slippery with mud, they concluded to take the bruising instead of the wetting.

We reached Beach's Lake (seven miles) at twelve without any accident, although within an ace of overturning the ladies' carriage several times. Here we were kindly furnished with three boats by Dr. Brandreth, who owns the lake and township, in which we rowed ourselves four miles on our journey, a most delightful change and a great relief to the ladies, who were pretty well bruised by the tossing and twisting they had received in their carriage.

On arriving at the south end of the Lake, we halted to refresh ourselves, with which design the gentlemen plunged into the cold and limpid waters, while the ladies sought a shady spot by some running brook to prepare our lunch.

This is a beautiful sheet of water about four miles long by a mile wide. The shores are mountainous, the waters limpid, and fish abundant, chiefly lake-trout. At two we again started, all much refreshed and cheered by the bright weather, and the prospect of soon reaching the end of our journey, for Racket Lake was only four miles distant. The road was now much better than any we had passed over, so that we accomplished the distance in about two hours.

Although we had accomplished no great pedestrian feat, (walking only twenty-two miles the day before, and twelve that day, with four miles of rowing,) yet I assure you I was pretty well worn out with anxiety and fatigue, and rejoiced with an uncommon joy at the sight of our forest-home in the distance.

We here found our old friends Higby and Puffer, the hunters, who had been sent ahead to build our camps and clear the roads from fallen trees, with whom we exchanged a hearty welcome. We lost no time in transferring ourselves and baggage to the boats they had brought for us, five in number, and, pushing forth into the lake, were more than compensated for the fatigue we had undergone, by the beauty of the scene.

The sun shone brighter than at any time on our journey. Not a breeze ruffled the surface of the lake, so that every mountain and island was reflected in its bosom with a distinctness that made it difficult to define the substance from the shadow. The shouts of the men, the merry peals of laughter from the ladies, found a ready response in the echoes of the mountains, as if welcoming us to our home in the wilderness.

As we turned a point, or shot by an island, a solitary loon would

start up, and with its melancholy but musical note seemed to ask why we thus profaned its solitude.

A row of five miles brought us to Sand Point,* which was to be our abode for four weeks. You can imagine with what eagerness we all (especially the ladies) examined the camps, and the preparations the hunters had made for our accommodations during this long sojourn.

The camps were built of hemlock bark, entirely open in front, and about two feet high in the rear. That for the ladies was within three feet of the lake, with a screen of evergreens between it and the gentlemen's, which were about fifty yards off. The floors were of fresh hemlock-boughs, which were to serve also as beds. For pillows the gentlemen had their carpet-bags; and the ladies, cushions stuffed with moss.

Our first thought after satisfying our curiosity was to satisfy our hunger, which was 'immense.' Higby soon 'got us up' a nice dinner of broiled venison, nice and hot rolls, with a capital cup of milkless tea. You must know that tea in the woods is much better *without* milk than *with*. 'Cause why? you can't get it.

The sun had set ere we had concluded our repast. The twilight was spent upon the lake, and when darkness came a full moon soon dispersed it, so that it was a matter of doubt with some of the more romantic of the party, whether to spend the night upon the lake, or in the camps. An hour longer, however, decided the question, when fatigue prevailed over romance. With our camp-fires brightly burning, we arranged our respective beds, and the captain appointing a watch to replenish the fires, we turned in and slept a sleep that 'knew no waking' till morning.

To give an account of how every day was passed, would occupy more space in your pages than the subject would warrant; therefore I will merely give the general routine of our proceedings, with a few extracts from my journal as written on the spot.

The first thing done on the following morning by the captain, was to establish a strict camp discipline, assigning to each one a certain rank and particular duties, also giving to all the party a *nom de chasse*, by which title we were always to address each other, thus avoiding the formality of mistering and missing one another, as well as the familiarity of using the Christian names. These were as follows:

GENTLEMEN. — The Captain, Lieutenant, Hawkeye, Schenedau, Wingenund, Red Jacket.

LADIES — Onkahye, Metoah, Pocahontas, Manita.

The boats were named the 'Loon,' 'Fawn,' 'Starlight,' and 'No-you-do n't,' this last an Indian name, in Anglo-Saxon meaning you can't come it.

As the only provisions we took with us were fifty pounds of pork, one barrel flour, fifty pounds of rice, fifty pounds of sugar, fifty pounds

* This is called Sand Point from its terminating in a little sand spit of beautiful white sand, and belongs to our captain, who purchased it some years ago on account of its beauty of location and possessing a spring of most delicious water. It gushes out from beneath, or I might say from the very rock itself, and settles in a natural basin of white sand, fringed with moss, which served as our refrigerator. Its temperature is forty-one, and contains considerable fixed air, but no mineral properties, and is almost as light as Congress-water. Such a spring in an accessible district would build up a 'fashionable watering-place.'

of butter, six pounds of tea, and four gallons of molasses, we of course were to depend chiefly on the products of the chase for our subsistence, so that the first order of the captain was for the lieutenant to take the 'Fawn,' and go with Puffer to the East-Inlet to fish, at the same time to procure a stove, which had been left at the rapids by the late engineering party. The order of course was promptly obeyed, and although the distance rowed was eighteen miles, in six hours we returned with a fine mess of trout and a most capital cooking-stove, for which latter piece of good luck we were indebted to Mr. Spofford. The fish (some of which were over two pounds) with some corned venison, rice and hot rolls, gave us a sumptuous dinner for the first day.

The rest of the party spent the day in improving the accommodations of the camps, by putting up shelves, clearing pathways and cutting wood.

Dinner over, at seven orders were issued to prepare for a 'float,'* assigning the duty to Hawkeye, (who was considered the best shot of the party,) and Puffer, the hunter, who never pulled a trigger that a deer did not fall.

July 30th. — Weather clearing. Last night, on account of rain, and too much wind for the 'Jack' to burn, no deer were killed, therefore no meat for dinner. Went to South-Inlet, and caught fifteen pounds of trout fortunately, else should have had to dine on flour-vic-tuals 'entirely.'

'Come, Lieutenant,' says the captain to me after dinner, 'we must man two boats for a float to-night, for a buck we *must* have, or we'll starve. The ladies already begin to murmur at this vegetable diet, and I myself do n't relish it over-much. You, Hawkeye, try your luck again to-night with Puffer; while you, Lieutenant, take Higby with you, and if you do n't furnish venison for the table to-morrow —' 'You may take *me* for a buck,' said I, finishing his sentence.

Off we started, followed by the prayers of the ladies that we might be indeed successful, (for they were really getting apprehensive that we might be obliged to live entirely on fish and bread,) Hawkeye for the East-Inlet and I for the South.

Arrived at the mouth of the Inlet (four miles) we went ashore and made a 'smudge,' to protect ourselves from the mosquitoes, while preparing our 'Jack' and arranging our seats for a long sitting.

While awaiting the approach of darkness, I could not but be impressed with the loneliness of our situation in that immense wilderness, and how entirely dependent we were upon our own resources. My mind naturally recurred to the poor persecuted Indian, whose council-fire may have been lighted on the very spot where ours now blazed, and who had been forced to yield, step by step, to the avarice of civilization, the soil in which his fathers slept, and which he had received an inheritance from nature's God. While thus musing, the twilight had disappeared, and lighting our 'Jack' we pushed forth up the Inlet, with murderous intent upon the innocent deer.

* This is the hunter's term for killing deer at night, with a lantern or 'Jack' in the bow of your boat, while paddling along the shores of the lake or up the inlets, where the water-lilies abound, on the leaves of which the deer feed at night.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

SCOTCH SOCIETY IN THE OLDEN TIME : Memorials of His Time : by HENRY COCKBURN.
In one volume : pp. 442. New-York : D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS work reminds us very forcibly of the 'Life and Times of Sir JONAH BARRINGTON.' There is the same naturalness and simplicity of style, the same ample fund of personal anecdote — always such delightful reading — and a kindred picture of the era in which the author 'lived, and moved, and had his being.' We hesitate not to say, that in our judgment no more entertaining book has appeared for the last ten years. Until we had completed its perusal, we took it to bed with us every night ; and it requires a very entertaining book to tempt us to ruminate bedward with a volume in our hand. The capable critic of '*The Tribune*' daily journal gives this comprehensive synopsis of the general characteristics of the work :

'LORD COCKBURN first became known beyond the Scottish Bench, of which he was a distinguished member, by his biography of FRANCIS JEFFREY. In that gossiping work he displayed only a slight modicum of literary talent, but a warm-hearted attachment to Scotch society, Scotch institutions, Scotch recollections, and a mind fully imbued with anecdotes and reminiscences of the eminent men of that country. The posthumous volume now published, embracing the period between 1779 and 1830, is chiefly valuable for its lively pictures of domestic life in Edinburgh toward the close of the last century, and during the first quarter of the present, and its familiar details in regard to the personal and social habits of some of the celebrated literary and public characters who then signalized the capital of Scotland.

'The author was born either in Edinburgh or at Cockpen, a small estate some eight miles from that city — he is uncertain which — but his earliest recollection is that of a terrible peacock in one of the Cockpen walks, while he was still in petticoats. When eight years old, he was sent to the Edinburgh High-School, where he suffered so much from a school-master of almost fabulous stupidity, that for four years he was regularly flogged at least once in ten days, and imbibed the fancy that Latin was expressly contrived to torture boys. He was disabused of this idea when he passed to the class of the Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER ADAM, the Rector of the School, and the author of the work on Roman Antiquities, which was once a general text-book in American colleges. Dr. ADAM was a school-master by nature. He was born to teach Latin, Greek, and good morals. He was endowed with a certain lamb-like patience, which was rarely disturbed, except by intolerable provocation, and he then displayed only an explosion of gentle wrath, which operated as a salutary stimulus on the unimpressible boys. His industry was abso-

lutely appalling. He would sometimes be a moment late at school, and explain that he had been detained 'verifying a quotation,' a process in which he would often indulge at four o'clock in the morning. At one time he took a house in the country for an autumn vacation of six weeks, and sent his family to take possession of the premises; but instead of enjoying the rustic leisure which he had anticipated, he got upon the scent of some curious passages in the classics, and remained with his books in town for the whole time, without even seeing the country-house. As a teacher of Latin and Greek, he was an enthusiastic admirer of ancient liberty and republicanism, but was so little conversant with modern politics that he scarcely knew one public measure or man from another. He did not escape, however, without suspicion from partisan jealousy. For several years he was watched and traduced as a man of dangerous political sentiments. His enemies made spies of his pupils, encouraging them to bring home stories of his zeal for liberty. They would frame their reports to suit the pleasure of their employers. The simple-hearted pedagogue was sorely afflicted by these trials, but his chief sorrow was the corruption to which the minds of his pupils were thus exposed.

'Among the school-fellows of the author were FRANCIS HORNER and HENRY BROUGHAM. HORNER gave early promise of the character by which he since became distinguished as a British statesman. He was then, as ever after, grave, studious, honorable, kindly, steadily pursuing his own cultivation, and with all his actions marked by thoughtfulness and dignity. BROUGHAM, also, showed the germs which have since ripened into brilliant notoriety. He was pugnacious, resolute, fixed in his own opinions, and without a particle of reverence for authority. The tone of manners in the High-School was intolerable. Vulgarity and rudeness were the order of the day. The boys were coarse in language, ventilating the most indecent ideas in a dialect of broadest Scotch, and so destitute of common civility, that no lady could venture to be seen within the walls. A taste for literature was so unheard of, that COCKBURN expresses a doubt whether he ever voluntarily read a single book, or even fifty pages, during his whole career at the High-School.

'The dress of the boys was unique. 'It consisted of a round black hat; a shirt fastened at the neck by a black ribbon, and, except on dress-days, unruffled; a cloth waistcoat, rather large, with two rows of buttons and of button-holes, so that it could be buttoned on either side, which, when one side got dirty, was convenient; a single-breasted jacket, which, in due time, got a tail and became a coat; brown corduroy breeches, tied at the knees by a showy knot of brown cotton tape; worsted stockings in winter, blue cotton stockings in summer, and white cotton for dress; clumsy shoes, made to be used on either foot, and each requiring to be used on alternate feet daily; brass or copper buckles. The coat and waistcoat were always of glaring colors, such as bright-blue, grass-green, and scarlet. No such machinery as what are now termed braces, or suspenders, had then been imagined.'

'In the year 1798, the embryo Judge was sent to the College of Edinburgh. Here much of his time was wasted in vain attempts to pursue the wearisome Latin. Among his teachers were one or two, in their day, not unknown by name to the academic youth of this country. Old ANDREW DALZELL, the author of the once famous '*Collectanea Graeca*,' was then in his prime. An amiable enthusiast in classical learning, if not a successful teacher, he infused a contagion of his own example even into the dulllest youths. He could never stimulate them into activity in the pursuit of knowledge, but as they passively listened to his persuasive course, they were inspired with a vague ambition for literary excellence, and delicious dreams of virtue and poetry. DUGALD STEWART was the brightest ornament of the College at that time. 'He was about the middle size, weakly-limbed, and with an appearance of feebleness which gave an air of delicacy to his gait and structure. His forehead was large and bald, his eyebrows bushy, his eyes gray and intelligent, and capable of conveying any emotion, from indignation to pity, from serene sense to hearty humor; in which they were powerfully aided by his lips, which, though rather large, perhaps, were flexible and expressive. The voice was singularly pleasing; and, as he managed it, a slight burr only made his tones softer. His ear, both for music and for speech, was exquisite; his gesture was

simple and elegant, though not free from a tinge of professional formality; and his whole manner that of an academical gentleman.' In DUGALD STEWART'S mind, calm thought supplied the place of genius, and even of originality of talent. His turn for mathematics did not chill the warmth of his moral demonstrations. The dignity of his science and habits was graced by a strong turn for quiet humor. Though devoted to the teaching of philosophy, his clear, practical intellect was averse to metaphysical refinements, but delighted in the eloquent exposition of topics relating to the moral endowments and aspirations of human nature. 'He lectured standing; from notes which, with their successive additions, must at last have been nearly as full as his spoken words. His lecturing manner was professorial, but gentleman-like; calm and expository, but rising into greatness, or softening into tenderness, whenever his subject required it. A slight asthmatic tendency made him often clear his throat; and such was his admiration,' says our author, 'of the whole exhibition, that MACVEY NAPIER told him, not long ago, that I had said there was eloquence in his very spitting. 'Then,' said he, 'I am glad there was at least one thing in which I had no competitor.''

'The change from ancient to modern manners in Edinburgh society was, at this period, in rapid progress. Much of this was due to the enlarged intercourse with England and the world. But the immediate cause was the growth of the city, which, with the overflowing of the population from the old town to the new, altered the style of living, and destroyed numerous local arrangements and associations, that had existed almost from time immemorial. The dignitaries of the old school looked upon the progress of innovation with terror. They saw in it only the desecration of prescriptive gentilities by a rude and vulgar touch. Well did they remember the ancient glories of Saint CECILIA'S Hall, crowded with the brilliant circles of aristocratic fashion — gentlemen of renown in literature and society, shining with their side-curls, and frills, and ruffles, and silver buckles; stately matrons, stiffened in hoops and gorgeous satin; and tender beauties with high-heeled shoes, powdered and pomatumed hair, and head-dresses lofty and terrible, like the tower of Lebaunon. In those days, the sage discipline had not yet deserted the ball-room. Martinet dowagers and venerable beaux presided over the ceremonies with solemn precision. No couple could dance without tickets assigning their place in the mysteries, on pain of being expelled as intruders. The procuring of tickets before the day of the ball, was a formidable operation. Those who were in the favor of the managers fared the best, but as much intrigue was often necessary to secure the prize as to accomplish the election of a Pope. Refreshments of the most simple character only were provided. Tea was sipped in side-rooms, and at the end of the dance the lady was presented with an orange by her partner; but the tea and the oranges, like every thing else, were subject to the most severe regulations. The austerity of the law, however, did not produce refinement of manners. In this respect, the formal age was inferior to the freer one. Profane swearing was common, if not universal, among the higher ranks. Nor was temperance, in any degree, the order of the day. It was by no means unusual for gentlemen who had dined with ladies to be decidedly the worse for liquor before re-joining them. To get drunk in a tavern was regarded as the natural consequence of going into one. The prevailing dinner-hour was about three o'clock, and, if there was no company, two o'clock was quite common. The procession from the drawing-room to the dining-room was less formidable than at present. There was no such alarming arrangement as that of each gentleman approaching a lady, and the two joining arms. This would have excited no less horror than the waltz did on its first introduction into Edinburgh circles. All the ladies first took up the line of march by themselves, in a regular row, according to the established rules of precedence. Then the gentlemen moved off in a single file, and, on reaching the dining-room, found the ladies lingering about the backs of the chairs to see what would be their fate in the selection of partners.

'The dinners were not very different from modern dinners, except in a less liberal use of French cookery. Ice was not known, except in a few houses of the highest class. There was less drinking at dinners and more after it than now. The staple wines

were sherry and port. Champagne was never seen. Claret was the ordinary beverage, which was exempt from duty, and very cheap.'

There would be no end to the extracts we have pencilled as we read, were we to give them all: wherefore we content ourselves with a selection from the same, being by no means certain that we have taken the best, where all are good. This little touch of childish reminiscence is delightful:

'THE valley of the Gala is associated with my earliest recollections. The old ale-house at Heriot was the first inn I ever entered. My father, who, I think, was then convener of the county of Edinburgh, went out to attend some meeting of road-trustees, and he took a parcel of us with him. He rode; and we had a chaise to ourselves — happiness enough for boys. But more was in store for us. For he remained at the mansion-house of Middleton with his friend Mr. HERBURN, and we went on, about four miles further, to Heriot House, where we breakfasted and passed the day, fishing, bathing, and rioting. It was the first inn of most of the party. What delight! A house to ourselves, on a moor; a burn; nobody to interfere with us; the power of ringing the bell as we chose; the ordering of our own dinner; blowing the peat fire; laughing as often and as loud as we liked. What a day! We rang the hand-bell for the pure pleasure of ringing, and enjoyed our independence by always going out and in by the window. This dear little inn does not now exist, but its place is marked by a square of ash-trees. It was a bright, beautiful August day.'

As a specimen of simple word-painting, observe the following well-limned picture:

'AND SOPHIA — or, as she was always called, SUPHY — JOHNSTONE, of the HILTON family. There was an original! Her father, from some whim, resolved to see how it would turn out, and gave her no education whatever. Possessed of great natural vigor of mind, she passed her youth in utter rusticity; in the course of which, however, she made herself a good carpenter and a good smith — arts which she practised occasionally, even to the shoeing of a horse, I believe, till after the middle of her life. It was not till after she became a woman that she taught herself to read and write; and then she read incessantly. She must have been about sixty before I ever saw her, which was chiefly, and often, at Niddrie. Her dress was always the same — a man's hat when out of doors, and generally, when within them, a cloth covering exactly like a man's great-coat, buttoned closely from the chin to the ground, worsted stockings, strong shoes, with large brass clasps. And in this raiment she sat in any drawing-room, and at any table, amidst all the fashion and aristocracy of the land, respected and liked. For her dispositions were excellent; her talk intelligent and racy, rich both in old anecdote and in shrewd modern observation, and spiced with a good deal of plain sarcasm; her understanding powerful; all her opinions free, and very freely expressed; and neither loneliness, nor very slender means, ever brought sourness or melancholy to her face or her heart.

'Sitting, with her back to the light, in the usual arm-chair by the side of the fire, in the Niddrie drawing-room, with her great-coat and her hat, her dark wrinkled face, and firmly-pursed mouth, the two feet set flat on the floor and close together, so that the public had a full view of the substantial shoes, the book held by the two hands very near the eyes, if the quick ear overheard any presumptuous folly, be it from solemn gentlemen or fine lady, down went the volume, up the spectacles — 'That's surely great nonsense, Sir,' though she had never seen him before; then, a little Quart and Tierce would begin, and the wight must have been very lucky if it did not end by his being smote.

'Her own proper den was in a flat on the ground-floor of a house in Windmill-street, where her sole companion was a single female servant. When the servant went out, which she generally took the liberty of doing for the whole of Sunday, SUPHY's orders were that she should lock the door, and take the key with her. This saved SUPHY the torment of always rising; for people went away when they found the house, as they thought, shut up. But she had a hole through which she saw them perfectly well; and, if she was inclined, she conversed through this orifice; and when tired of them, told them to go away.'

Lord ESKGROVE, one of the Scottish judges, sits for the subjoined portrait:

'BROUGHAM tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and consequently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the

discomposing qualities of BROUGHAM. At last it seemed as if a court-day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor Justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when lo! his enemy appeared — tall, cool, and resolute. ‘I declare,’ said the Justice, ‘that man BROOM, or BROUGHAM, is the torment of my life!’ His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at BROUGHAM’s eloquence by calling it or him *the Harangue*. ‘Well, gentle-men, what did the Harangue say next? Why it said this,’ (misstating it;); ‘but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill.’

‘As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, every thing was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus: ‘And not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-ved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Majes-ty’s!’

‘In the trial of GLENGARRY for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled. But before administering the oath, ESKGROVE gave her this exposition of her duty: ‘Youngg woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of ALMIGHTY God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face.’

Another of the sage judges of that era is thus cleverly hit off. COCKBURN’S pen is a brush dipped in rare colors:

‘Of the younger judges, who belonged to the generation with which I was now connected, the most remarkable were Lord GLENLEE, Lord HERMAND, Lord MEADOWBANK, and Lord CULLEN; all of whom I knew personally.

‘I was so intimately connected, as a relation and friend, with Lord KILKERRAN’S son GEORGE FERGUSSON, Lord HERMAND, that it may perhaps be supposed that I cannot speak candidly about him. But he has often been described in a way neither agreeable to truth, nor respectable for himself. His celebrity arose entirely from his personal character. For, although he attained considerable practice at the bar, and was a quick and vigorous judge, and took a keen part in all the public measures of his time, he was not so important in these spheres as to have been a man of mark in them, independently of his individual peculiarities. But these made him one of the most singular, and indeed incredible, of our old originals. They often threw even ESKGROVE into the shade during that person’s life; and after he died, no Edinburgh man, by worth and singularity alone, belonged so much as HERMAND did to the public.

‘His external appearance was as striking as every thing else about him. Tall and thin, with gray lively eyes, and a long face strongly expressive of whatever emotion he was under, his air and manner were distinctly those of a well-born and well-bred gentleman. His dress for society, the style of which he stuck to almost as firmly as he did to his principles, reminded us of the olden time, when trowsers would have insulted any company, and braces were deemed an impeachment of nature. Neither the disclosure of the long neck by the narrow bit of muslin stock, nor the outbreak of the linen between the upper and nether garments, nor the short coat-sleeves, with the consequent length of bare wrist, could hide his being one of the aristocracy. And if they had, the thin and powdered gray hair, flowing down into a long thin gentleman-like pigtail, would have attested it. His morning raiment in the country was delightful. The articles, rough and strange, would of themselves have attracted notice in a museum. But set upon GEORGE FERGUSSON, at his paradise of Hermand, during vacation, on going forth for a long day’s work — often manual — at his farm, with his gray felt hat and tall weeding-hoe — what could be more agrestic or picturesque!

‘Till about the age of thirty, when he began to get into practice, he was a pretty regular student; and he was always fond of reading, and being read to, but not methodically, nor in any particular line. He had thus gathered a respectable chaos of accidental knowledge. Of his various and very respectable mental powers, acuteness was perhaps the most striking. His affections were warm and steady; his honor of the highest and purest order.

‘But all this will not produce a curious man. What was it that made HERMAND such an established wonder and delight? It seems to me to have been the supremacy in his composition of a single quality — intensity of temperament, which was so conspicuous that it prevented many people from perceiving any thing else in him. He could not be indifferent. Repose, except in bed, where however he slept zealously, was unnatural and contemptible to him. It used to be said that if HERMAND had made the heavens, he would have permitted no fixed stars. His constitutional animation never failed to carry him a flight beyond ordinary mortals. Was he in an argument, or at whist, or over his wine; in court, or at an election, or a road meeting; consulting with a ploughman, or talking with a child; he was sure to blaze out in a style that nobody could have fancied, or could resist enjoying. Those who only saw the operation of this ardor in

public conflict, were apt to set him down as a frenzied man, with rather a savage temper; an impression that was increased by what the Scotch call the *Birr*, which means the emphatic energy, of his pronunciation. Beholding him in contention, they thought him a tiger.

'But to those who knew him personally, the lamb was a truer type. When removed from contests which provoke impatience, and placed in the private scene, where innocent excesses are only amusing, what a heart! what conversational wildness! made more delightful by the undoubting sincerity of the passing extravagance. There never was a more pleasing example of the superiority of right affections over intellectual endowments in the creation of happiness. Had he depended on his understanding alone, or chiefly, he would have been wrecked every week. But honesty, humanity, social habits, and diverting public explosions, always kept him popular; and he lived about eighty-four years, with keen and undisguised feelings and opinions, without ever being alienated from a friend, or imagining a shabby action, devoted to rural occupations, keeping up his reading, and maintaining his interest in the world by cultivating the young. Instead of sighing over the departure of former days, and grumbling at change, he zealously patronized every new project, not political; and at last mellowed away, amidst a revering household, without having ever known what a headache is, with no decay of his mental powers, and only a short and gentle physical feebleness.'

Here is a touch of Sir WALTER SCOTT as a soldier in the Midlothian Cavalry of Edinburgh:

'WALTER SCOTT's zeal in the cause was very curious. He was the soul of the Edinburgh troop of Midlothian Yeomanry Cavalry. It was not a duty with him, or a necessity, or a pastime, but an absolute passion, indulgence in which gratified his feudal taste for war, and his jovial sociableness. He drilled, and drank, and made songs, with a hearty conscientious earnestness which inspired or shamed every body within the attraction. I do not know if it is usual, but his troop used to practise, individually, with the sabre at a turnip, which was stuck on the top of a staff, to represent a Frenchman, in front of the line. Every other trooper, when he set forward in his turn, was far less concerned about the success of his aim at the turnip, than about how he was to tumble. But WALTER pricked forward gallantly, saying to himself, 'Cut them down, the villains, cut them down!' and made his blow, which from his lameness was often an awkward one, cordially muttering curses all the while at the detested enemy.'

SCOTT's advent as an author is thus forcibly described:

'A GENIUS now appeared, who has immortalized Edinburgh, and will long delight the world. WALTER SCOTT's vivacity and force had been felt since his boyhood by his comrades, and he had disclosed his literary inclinations by some translations of German ballads, and a few slight pieces in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; but his power of great original conception and execution was unknown both to his friends and himself. In 1805 he revealed his true self by the publication of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The subject, from the principle of which he rarely afterward deviated, was, for the period, singularly happy. It recalled scenes, and times, and characters so near as almost to linger in the memories of the old, and yet so remote that their revival, under poetical embellishment, imparted the double pleasure of invention and of history. The instant completeness of his success showed him his region. The Lay was followed by a more impressive pause of wonder, and then by a louder shout of admiration, than even our previous Edinburgh poem — 'The Pleasures of Hope.' But nobody, not even SCOTT, anticipated what was to follow. Nobody imagined the career that was before him; that the fertility of his genius was to be its most wonderful distinction; that there was to be an unceasing recurrence of fresh delight, enhanced by surprise at his rapidity and richness. His advances were like the conquests of NAPOLEON: each new achievement overshadowing the last; till people half-wearied of his very profusion. The quick succession of his original works, interspersed as they were with (for him rather unworthy) productions of a lower kind, threw a literary splendor over his native city, which had now the glory of being at once the seat of the most popular poetry, and the most powerful criticism of the age.

'PEOPLE used to be divided at this time as to the superiority of SCOTT's poetry or his talk. His novels had not yet begun to suggest another alternative. Scarcely, however, even in his novels was he more striking or delightful than in society; where the halting limb, the bur in the throat, the heavy cheeks, the high GOLDSMITH-forehead, the unkempt locks, and general plainness of appearance, with the Scotch accent and stories and sayings, all graced by gayety, simplicity, and kindness, made a combination most

worthy of being enjoyed. JEFFREY, his twin-star, made a good contrast. He was sharp English; with few anecdotes and no stories, delighting in the interchange of minds, bright in moral speculation, wit, and colloquial eloquence, and always beloved for the constant transpiration of an affectionate and cheerful heart.

'In 1814 SCOTT published *Waverley* — the first of those admirable and original prose compositions which have nearly obliterated the recollection of his poetry. Except the first opening of the *Edinburgh Review*, no work that has appeared in my time made such an instant and universal impression. It is curious to remember it. The unexpected newness of the thing, the profusion of original characters, the Scotch language, Scotch scenery, Scotch men and women, the simplicity of the writing, and the graphic force of the descriptions, all struck us with an electric shock of delight. I wish I could again feel the sensations produced by the first year of these two Edinburgh works. If the concealment of the authorship of the novels was intended to make mystery heighten their effect, it completely succeeded. The speculations, and conjectures, and nods, and winks, and predictions and assertions were endless, and occupied every company, and almost every two men who met and spoke in the street. It was proved by a thousand indications, each refuting the other, and all equally true in fact, that they were written by old HENRY MACKENZIE, and by GEORGE CRANSTOWN, and WILLIAM ERSKINE, and JEFFREY, and above all, by THOMAS SCOTT, WALTER's brother, a regimental paymaster, then in Canada. But 'the great unknown,' as the true author was then called, always took good care, with all his concealment, to supply evidence amply sufficient for the protection of his property and his fame; inasmuch that the suppression of the name was laughed at as a good joke, not merely by his select friends in his presence, but by himself. The change of line, at his age, was a striking proof of intellectual power and richness. But the truth is, that these novels were rather the outpourings of old thoughts than new inventions.'

We have, among other exceedingly interesting local information, the following account of the rise of BLACKWOOD's Magazine :

'It was long enlivened by the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,' a series of scenes supposed to have occurred in a tavern in Register-street, kept by one AMBROSE. And no periodical publication that I know of can boast of so extraordinary a series of jovial dramatic fiction. WILSON, I believe, now professes to regret and condemn many things in these papers, and to deny his authorship of them; but substantially they are all his. I have not the slightest doubt that he wrote at least ninety per cent of them. I wish no man had any thing worse to be timid about. There is not so curious and original a work in the English or Scotch languages. It is a most singular and delightful outpouring of criticism, politics, and descriptions of feeling, character, and scenery, of verse and prose, and mandlin eloquence, and especially of wild fun. It breathes the very essence of the Bacchanalian revel of clever men. And its Scotch is the best Scotch that has been written in modern times. I am really sorry for the poor one-tongued Englishman, by whom, because the Ettrick Shepherd uses the sweetest and most expressive of living languages, the homely humor, the sensibility, the descriptive power, the eloquence, and the strong joyous hilarity of that animated rustic can never be felt. The characters are well drawn and well sustained, except that of the Opium Eater, who is heavy and prosy; but this is perhaps natural to opium. Few efforts could be more difficult than to keep up the bounding spirit of fresh boyish gayety which is constantly made to break out amidst the serious discussions of these tavern philosophers and patriots. After all just deduction, these *Noctes* are bright with genius.

'Another Edinburgh character, of a different sort, ceased in 1819 to be gazed at by men. This was ADAM ROLLAND, advocate; sometimes said to have sat to SCOTT for his picture of PLEYDELL, a worthy but fantastic personage. His professional practice had been very extensive, but only as a consulting and a writing counsel; for he never spoke nor honored the public by doing any thing in its presence. Divested of buckram, he was a learned and sound lawyer, and a good man, much respected by his few friends. But there are many men to whom the buckram is every thing, and he was one of them. It was by his outside that he was known to the world. He was old at last; but his youth was marked by the same external absurdity that adhered to him through life, and I presume followed him into his coffin.

'His dresses, which were changed at least twice every day, were always of the same old beau cut; the vicissitudes of fashion being contemptible in the sight of a person who had made up his own mind as to the perfection of a gentleman's outward covering. The favorite hues were black and mulberry: the stuffs velvet, fine kerseymere, and satin. When all got up, no artificial rose could be brighter, or stiffer. He was like one of the creatures come to life again in a collection of dried butterflies. I think I see him. There he moves, a few yards backward and forward in front of his house in Queen-street; crisp in his mulberry-colored kerseymere coat, single-breasted; a waist-

coat of the same, with large old-fashioned pockets; black satin breeches, with blue steel buttons; bright morocco shoes, with silver or blue steel-buckles; white or quaker-gray silk stockings; a copious frill and ruffles; a dark brown, gold-headed, slim cane, or a slender green-silk umbrella: every thing pure and uncreased. The countenance befitted the garb: for the blue eyes were nearly motionless, and the cheeks, especially when slightly touched by vermilion, as clear and as ruddy as a wax doll's; and they were neatly flanked by two delicately pomatumed and powdered side-curls, from behind which there flowed, or rather stuck out, a thin pigtail in a shining black ribbon. And there he moves, slowly and nicely, picking his steps as if a stain would kill him, and looking timidly, but somewhat slyly, from side to side, as if conscious that he was an object, and smiling in self-satisfaction. The whole figure and manner suggested the idea of a costly brittle toy, new out of its box. It trembled in company, and shuddered at the vicinity of a petticoat. But when well set, as I often saw him, with not above two or three old friends, he could be correctly merry, and had no objection whatever to a quiet bottle of good claret. But a stranger, or a word out of joint, made him dumb and wretched.'

There: it is our belief that we have established our promises: so that our readers have only to order from our friends, the Messrs. APPLETON, the delightful book we have quoted from so largely, and devour it entire.

THE WANDERER. By the Author of 'The Watchman,' 'The Lawyer's Story,' etc. In one volume: pp. 487. New-York: E. D. LONG.

IN commencing a brief notice of this work, we shall present to our readers its author's name, Mr. J. R. MATTLAND. It is a name which the writer will make widely known hereafter, or we are very much 'out in our calculations.' There is this to be said of Mr. MATTLAND, that every successive production from his pen, thus far, has been an improvement upon its predecessor. No one could deny to '*The Lawyer's Story*,' published in the ample columns of the New-York '*Sunday Dispatch*,' a degree of talent unusual in kindred newspaper efforts. '*The Watchman*' was still more forcible and artistic, while in variety of incident and skill in narration, the volume before us eclipses both. We quote, and fully indorse, the high praise of an esteemed contemporary: 'If '*The Wanderer*' had been presented in the form of an autobiography, it could scarcely have had greater *vraisemblance* than in its present form. It reads like a chapter from every-day life. There is no endeavor to 'pile up the agony' by exciting adventures or extravagant characters. Every incident reads as if it were drawn from the vast treasury of fact. Every character appears as if sketched from an actual prototype. JEMMY MILTON, a true original, is half-brother to JACK JENKINS, of '*The Watchman*,' and the 'tough yarns' which he spins are original as himself. It would be easy to point out the distinctive individualities of each character. The story is that of a youth born in this country, early orphaned, cast on his own resources, conquering fortune, and finally, after much struggling, (vividly depicted here,) settling down, for life and love, in New-Hampshire.' We regret that our limits prevent us from segregating a few passages from the work — no easy matter, by the way, so continuous is the interest — in order to show the writer's control of his story, and the ease and force of his style. We must content ourselves with simply calling the attention of our readers to a volume evincing great talent and still greater promise.

VICTORIA : OR THE WORLD OVERCOME. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'. In one volume: pp. 465. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

OUR readers are doubtless aware that among the numerous candidates for literary fame among the gentler sex, Miss CAROLINE CHESEBRO' has few or no superiors as a fluent, graceful writer. Of her various contributions to this Magazine, we consider the story of the Birth of FLEANCE KRUGER, which appeared in our November and December numbers, the best, and it is regarded as a tale of great power and beauty by all who have read it. The volume before us is a story of the Puritan times, the scene being laid in New-England two hundred years ago. We quote from a contemporary the following brief synopsis of the story :

'THE heroine of the story — MAUD SALTONSTALL, is the daughter of two English people who have emigrated to a deserted spot in New-England on the coast, where neither parents nor child are often cheered by the sight of human faces, except those in their own household. Here she grows up to the age of fifteen — a wild, impetuous girl, weaving her irregular untaught poetical thoughts into wild songs of her own composition. On the coast one day a ship is wrecked, and the sole survivor visible then, MARGARET GLADSTONE, is rescued by MAUD. Henceforward she becomes MAUD's teacher and director — and even assumes parental control over her, at the request of MAUD's own parents. Miss GLADSTONE leaves the home of the SALTONSTALLS, and takes up her abode in a distant part of the country in the house of a clergyman, ROSSITER. Here she is thrown into the company of ROSSITER's daughter, HOPE — a hard, learned, and severely religious girl — and of another minister, STANTON, HOPE's masculine counterpart, and eventually her lover. Here she lives some time, growing farther and farther away from HOPE and STANTON, whom she would gladly have loved, but that their sterile natures and forbidding creed forbade. By-and-by a new actor appears upon the scene — KENSSETT, a young man who had been on the wrecked ship with MARGARET GLADSTONE. He comes to see her again because she has taught him much in regard to the true aims of life, and at her suggestion he becomes a student of Theology in ROSSITER's house. MAUD loves him, and so does HOPE; but KENSSETT loves MAUD. A blight comes upon HOPE; she becomes ill; and in her agony, she ascribes her illness to MAUD's witchcraft. To make the accusation appear more probable, a school-mate of MAUD's dies suddenly. The people become clamorous, and the good girl, whose poetical nature made her utter thoughts at variance with the Calvinism of the day, was tried, condemned, and executed for a witch!'

It will be seen that the plot is very simple, and yet the interest never flags, and toward the close becomes painfully intense. We cannot conceive, in this age of light, that jealousy could attribute its own sufferings to the evil influences of such a lovely, ingenuous child of nature as MAUD. Our feelings are greatly excited by the conduct of JEROME STANTON, whose stern faith seems to have crushed out every tender feeling of our nature. Miss CHESEBRO's characters display to us, in a remarkable and interesting manner, the secret springs of action. The conversations in this volume are all earnestness and sincerity, the real convictions brought to light. Life is too serious for trifling, and we have none of it here. We rise from its perusal with much the same feelings we experience after seeing a tragedy, in which (as is too often the case in real life) innocence is the victim. As we view that master-piece of art, the Martyrdom of Huss, while indignation and pity struggle within us, we are cheered by that faith which makes the fiery trial but the opening of Heaven's gates to the sainted one; so, in reading the volume before us, the fate of the lovely MAUD is not without the same consolation.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — A new and welcome correspondent, in his '*Souvenirs of Saunterings*' abroad, sends us a pleasant essay upon '*Eating an Ear*.' The triumph of the French *cuisine* which he records, reminds us of a remark made by a Frenchman to Mr. N. H. CARTER, formerly editor of the old '*New-York Statesman*,' one of the first, as he was among the ablest, of our early American travellers in Europe: 'You have grand countree in Amerique: ah, oui — sublime! — bot you have not ze *cuisine*: you have plaänty of ze *matériel*, bot you not know how to prepare zem. *Non!* you szrow zem away, ver' mosch. Vat you call ze *buckskinpantalon*, you not use *him!* Bot he make ze mos' beautiful *potage*.' And the Gallic *chef de cuisine* was right. The tender epidermis of a fresh-killed doe *has* its uses as a component of, nay as a 'stock' for, soup, which only a French cook thoroughly understands. Yet it is not, in its first stage, 'ze buckskinpantalon!' But hear our new correspondent:

'HAVE you ever eaten an ear? No! Well, I have, and it was in this wise:

'Having heard much of French cookery, I set to work to study it systematically. First of all I bought one of those small pamphlets containing the bill of fare, which, in the 'crack' restaurants, is pretty much the same, and taking one dish one day, and another the next, I was very pleasantly eating my way into a tolerably intimate knowledge of the skill of French 'artistes.'

'One bright afternoon I found myself in the Palais Royal, and after half-an-hour's 'flanerie' in the Galerie Vitree and the Gardens, I sauntered into the then high-toned restaurant of Les Trois Frères Provençaux, seated myself with a calmness suited to the atmosphere of the place, for I was not possessed by 'the wild rage of hunger,' but felt simply a gentle physical stimulus that harmonized with my mental desire to continue my studies in 'The Chemistry of Common Life.' While turning over the leaves to find some light dish that might suffice for the moment, my eye was caught by the words 'Oreille de Veau,' and I found myself transported in a moment from France to Florida.

'ACHILLE MURAT had an estate in the peninsula of the Everglades. ACHILLE MURAT had also a cook. Some French gentlemen on their travels came to visit the proprietor of the plantation, and to present their letters of introduction. Even in a well-regulated *ménage* there are times when every thing is 'just out,' and the

stock has not yet been replenished. The day before the arrival of these guests, the cattle had been marked, and the cattle-drivers had devoured every thing devourable on the place. The herds had then been driven off, not to be collected again for a year, and were now — no body could tell where.

'What was to be done? The difficulty was horrible. Hungry guests and the emptiest of empty larders. MURAT was at his wit's end: his cook was not. Cook! He was an artiste, a diplomatist, a HANNIBAL, a NAPOLEON. Difficulties but drew him out. The passing darkness only showed the true brilliancy of the diamond. Finding that the 'Chef' considered himself equal to the emergency, MURAT entertained and lionized his guests until the dinner-hour arrived. He and they were soon seated at a *recherché* repast, where each one found his appetite 'upheld with kindest change.' The most ate and asked no questions, until after the departure of the travellers, when, to his amazement, he discovered that the pleasant variety of dishes which had graced his table, had all been made with consummate skill from the left ears of the young cattle which had been cut off to mark them, and carelessly thrown upon the ground.

'The proverb tells us that a man cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but it seems that a *cordon bleu* can make a great many things out of a calf's ear, and my curiosity was quite agog to know how it would be served up on the present occasion. Fancy flits faster than flesh, and, while my wits were gathering this wool, merely sufficient material time had passed to allow an attentive waiter to take his place before me with a half-bow, his short white apron before him, and a snowy napkin lying in chaste repose upon his bent left arm.

'Oreille de veau, S. V. P.'

'Bien, Monsieur. Pas autre chose?'

'Non, merci.'

'And so he vanished, leaving me to the enjoyment of '*La Presse*,' from which I amused myself by picking some of the crumbs of Political Economy which EMILE GIRARDIN at that time flung to the public with a free hand in those curt, crisp sentences of his, that were at once so satisfying and so appetising.

'Meantime, with a pleasant subdued clatter, the snow-white plate, holding the red-bordered napkin, still slightly damp, was laid upon the table, and beside it the broad-pronged fork that made me feel like BAYARD, *sans peur*, because its purity was *sans reproché*; the knife with its shining, spotless blade; the bright spoon, with its concave mirror; all 'in due order ranged,' and then, 'expectant silence stood attent.' He comes! He bears it in his hands. He places it before me with great carefulness upon the table, and departs, leaving me alone with this strange sight before my eyes. I have never seen the Peak of Teneriffe, but have a tolerable idea of it from descriptions and engravings. I like to think of it occasionally, rising so boldly up from ocean, and towering there twelve thousand feet in air; and here before me on the table was its counterpart in miniature — an ear, apparently of well-rusted cast-iron, rising with equal boldness and abruptness from a brown sea of sauce. The rounded point at the top, and every wrinkle at the base were so naturally rendered, that it was, in truth, a work of art.

'But what, in the name of all the gods, was I to do with it? If I should attempt to carve it where it was, I should infallibly splash the abundant brown sauce over every thing, and even if I should lift it out dripping upon my plate, I must prepare myself for a 'tussle' with the gristle. Either way, to use a diplomatic phrase, 'the situation was embarrassing.' I looked about me. The sun was shining calmly in at the windows; the little groups at the other tables were con-

versing as calmly and pleasantly as before ; and the quiet waiters moved to-and-fro as if ' nothing on earth was the matter.'

' Again I faced my enemy. There he stood, the same imperturbable, rusty cast-iron ear. ' Well,' said I, throwing myself back upon the fatalism of the Turk, ' Allah ackbar, what is to be will be.' *En avant!* I would make one attempt at it in the dish ; then another on my plate, and then, justified by my failures, I should send away the confounded thing, and order something else. My first agreeable surprise was at the ease with which the prongs of my fork penetrated the rusty cast-iron ; but when my knife, which did not seem sharper than the average of table-knives, divided with ease the entire ear from pert summit to saucy base, I must confess I was overwhelmed with astonishment, and sat gazing at it as it stood there in duteous duality obedient to my wishes.

' Had the Peak of Teneriffe itself been sliced in two before me, I hardly think I should have been more surprised. With knife and fork I laid each half, then, gently down to rest in its soft bed of sauce, and a more exquisite dish I never tasted.

' How can I describe the pleasant crispness of the ear itself ; the judicious combination of herbs and bread that filled up the hollow of the ear and made it solid. The sauce, too, that inexplicable brown sauce. No mere collection of hot spices, nor yet a vapid mixture of inharmonious ingredients. No! That sauce was the result of study, the calm consequence of research. Great Nature as she sat brooding on her ample throne, had been closely questioned, and had yielded her oracular response ; and there I sat, one of her grateful sons, enjoying the results. But language fails me. I forbear, and can only exclaim : ' Vive la Cuisine Française ! Vive l'Oreille de Veau !'

J. M. M.'

And '*Vive la Bagatelle!* — *toujours!* - - - WE have not forgotten our threat somewhat to enlarge upon our recent fishing excursion among the clear waters of Delaware and Broome. Our selfishness is gone ; for it is too late *now* to follow in our footsteps ; and next year, reader, (*Deo volente,*) we will be there *before* you, with our trusty and well-beloved trout-companion. Beside, who could prate, amid the scorching fervors of the 'heated term' in mid-July, of the cool breezes and sparkling waters, and shadowy shores of lovely lakes, far off amid the forest? But to proceed : we started off from Hancock, on the New-York and Erie Rail-road, in the early morning gloaming, for 'Lizard Lake,' over a road, and with a vehicle, which would have bumped the dyspepsia out of the veriest sufferer in that kind to be found 'in Christendie.' When we reached it, embosomed in its green basin in the forest, a brisk western breeze was crisping its blue waters — a little *too* brisk, our friend thought, to augur good luck. Howbeit, we took boat and rowed up to the west end of the little lake, in whose shallow out-post pools lay the little minnows which were to constitute our bait. These obtained — and not without difficulty, for the pestiferous pigs ran rooting about among them, 'troubling the waters' — we put off, ran down the lake a little way, 'out kellock,' and eke our lines, and awaited the fortunes of the day. Small promise! We tried to make excuses for Luck : 'The day was too breezy ;' it 'was too near noon ;' we 'did n't get our minnows soon enough, (confound those pigs!)' and other the like palliatives of unsuccess. 'Let us try another spot.' 'Good so : but first, let us take a couple of those corned

beef biscuit-sandwiches and a temperate pull at the 'Century'-brand *eau-de-vie*, tempered by this clear water, with some ice from under the stern-seat there.' 'Good again!' While engaged in doing this, our companion mentioned the boy who, when himself was a 'country-school-master,' (and a kind, good one he was, we will be sworn,) asked him one day: 'Master! please-Sir-may-g'wout, git s'mice-t'put-in-trowzes, t'keep-my-noze-from-bleedin'?' Made a memorandum of this remedy for a common involuntary depletion, and again addressed ourselves to our pleasant task. Anchored in the shadow of a little cove, on the north side of the lake. All is silence, save the 'breathing wind,' as we watch the lizards shore-ward, through the shallow water. The silence is rather illustrated than broken by the almost noiseless pulling up of a 'fair-sized,' fairy-speckled trout. Thenceforth, for an hour, only two more. 'Discouraging! Let us land, and eat our dinner. Oarsman, hand over that covered pail, please, and the ice, and run us ashore by that big tree.' We were there in a twinkling. The tree was a noble pine, that had been seamed, and splintered, and shivered, and slivered, and shattered, and 'all cut up' by LIGHTNING, not ten days before: but it refused to yield, even to that awful 'javelin of the ALMIGHTY.' It was still green to the top, and stood up as erect and bravely as ever, to 'fight its battles with the storm.' Dinner concluded, 'once more upon the waters:' small hope, and less luck: 'Let us go home.' 'Wait a *little* longer,' suggested the very 'Rex' of trout-men: 'the sun is slowly lowering: there is barely a possibility that we may yet get a few.' What good advice was that! *Now*, indeed, did we know the KING's wisdom. With a pound trout on our line, we remarked to him, in the language of one of the two Thames watermen in PUNCH: 'BILL, I do n't know as I ever *know'd* a man that know'd as much as what you know!' More luck, of the 'biggest kind,' and continuous: but as it was getting late, when the 'KING' had taken from his *spun*-line a trout spotted with gold and crimson, *weighing by the scales, three-and-a-half pounds and three ounces*, so it was that we 'up kellock,' and addressed ourselves to depart. What a trout-supper was that which we hungry fishermen ate that night at the American House in Hancock! The next day—— But enough for the present. We have n't done yet, though. - - - MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, the popular publishers of Boston, who have established so high a reputation for the excellence of their selections, and the external beauty of their publications, have just issued, in a single compact and very handsome volume, '*The Complete Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate of England*,' in five hundred and eighty pages. We have here all that TENNYSON has ever written, which he deemed worthy of preservation. A letter to his American publishers expresses his gratitude to them for affording him an opportunity of reaping his share of profit in the sales of the work. A fine portrait of this true 'poet of feeling' fronts the title-page of the book. We copy from 'MAUD' a poem which was sent to the KNICKERBOCKER for publication many years ago. It has been revised 'with all a loving poet's care' since then, and beside will have a wide circle of readers in every State of our Union, who were 'not on our books' when it first appeared in these pages. The music, the perfection of rhythm, the tender reminiscence, and the exquisite

pathos of this beautiful poem, have haunted us ever since we first read it. There is not a line in it that we have not repeated a thousand times :

'On! that 't were possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

'When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than any thing on earth.

'A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah! CHRIS, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be!

'It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

'Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

'Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate
cry.
There is some one dying or dead!

And a sullen thunder is rolled;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake — my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

'Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt;
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
'T is the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

'Then I rise: the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,
On the misty river-tide.

'Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

'Alas! for her that met me!
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet even-fall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

'Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say, 'Forgive the wrong,'
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest?'

'But the broad light glares and beats
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee!

Read the foregoing carefully over again, and say whether we have said one word too much in its praise. - - - HERE are '*Some Things that have Happened and been Laughed at, in the Life of a School-master.*' We will assist the writer to a kindred 'batch' one of these days, which we heard when a school-boy — 'dark, and bright, and happy days!' — at which we

have 'laughed furtively,' as Mr. FENIMORE COOPER says, a thousand times, and not one of which has ever been heard of since. Children — school-children, especially — are odd and curious little creatures: and we must record *our* experience of them, 'when time and place shall serve':

'THE subscriber, though he, like MACE SLOPER, 'never was what I call smart,' has for 'a spell, a spell-and-a-half, or two spells,' been engaged in directing verdant intellectual juvenility how to vegetate; and as he has propelled, and been propelled, along the stream of Time, has jotted down unconnected sketches of his auto-pedagogical sufferings, tribulations, and jubilees, and from these *omnium gathera*, begs leave to submit the following, to all of which he is willing to be 'sworn and subscribed,' as being verily a veritable verity.

'Upon one occasion, in the geography class, WILLIE S — very innocently remarked, that the public buildings of Augusta 'are the penitentiary and *fanatic* asylum.'

'Good, noble, stupid little HANNES B —, into whose German cranium it seems sheer impossibility to force a due sense of the meaning of English words, once read from '*Thanatopsis*':

'THOU go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scrouged to his dungeon.'

'HANNES, at another time, when asked the character and complexion of the people of the Temperate Zone, replied: 'They are of a white character and complexion.'

'GEORGE G —, good-natured, blundering GEORDIE, whom every body loves in spite of his eccentricities, is in the habit of talking rather impetuously, but not quite so fast as he can think. A spelling-match being in contemplation, he came rushing into the room at recess, exclaiming: 'Mr —, is the s-s-smellin'-patch goin' to be to-morrow?'

'JEMMIE B — is a beautiful sample of the glorious results of the memoriter recitation system. It is 'a marvel most marvellous,' how he manages to retain so many of the words with so few of the ideas. Reciting a passage from MITCHELL'S Geography, running thus: 'The people of this State are actively engaged in the construction of railroads;' he gave them a bellicose character worthy of Erie, by saying that they were actually engaged in the *destruction* of railroads.'

'On another occasion he recited a principle in RAY'S Arithmetic, namely: 'Where a quantity has no natural unit, it is necessary to fix upon an artificial one,' thus: 'Where there is no unit necessary, it is natural to fix up an artificial one.'

'Honest little JOHNNY B —, who never told a wilful lie in his life, nor yet a disguised lie, under the cloak of a half-expressed truth — dear little embodiment of honesty and fun, getting head-first into all the 'scrapes,' and having the worst account on the register, as a natural consequence of his candor. Poor JOHNNY! The other day in the reading-class, he rendered WEBSTER'S paragraph, beginning: 'When I shall be found here in my place in the Senate or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit,' etc., after the fashion here appended 'When I shall be found in my place here in the Senate or elsewhere, to sneeze at public meetin', etc.

'HORACE MANN L —, who, despite his *prænomén*, is as lazy an imp of indolence as ever tried the patience of any educational Job, was asked, 'What are the classes of the productions of nature?' requiring, of course, the answer: 'Animal, vegetable, and mineral.' With a yawning air of don't-care-a-continental-dime-a-tive-ness worthy of DIOGENES, our hero drawled out: 'Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.'

'TOMMY H —, in parsing the sentence, 'The cow gives milk,' said: 'Cow is a noun, 'cause it's a name; proper, 'cause it gives milk.'

'Thinking your patience bored sufficiently, I beg leave to subscribe myself

'Cosy Cottage, Clinton Avenue, Avondale, (Ohio,) July, 1856.

MEISTER JOHANN.'

'THEY are wise,' writes a correspondent from a flourishing town on the Northern border of the Southern States, 'who write their own epitaphs: and

then there can be no family-jars on *that* score — at least *post-obit*. Do you know any body who has taken this proper precaution? I do; and as he has erected his own monument (of cast-iron, more than twelve feet high) and inscribed thereon his view of his mundane merits, and placed it in such a conspicuous position in ——— Cemetery that 'he that runneth may read,' I do no violence to the sanctity of the dead, nor to the shrinking modesty of the living, if I give you a transcript of the epitaph. Here it is:

'IN MEMORY OF
J ——— W ———,
a native of Kyo,
England,
for the last ——— years,
a resident and Steam,
Engineer, of B ———,
departed this life,
——— aged ——— years,
but
What need the pen rehearse,
A life well spent,
A man's good deeds are
His best monument.
also
his wife
Like a bud nip't off the tree
So DEATH has parted you and me.'

'By the side of the above stands a slab marking the resting-place of one of the 'good deeds.' It bears the following:

'To the memory of
our dear little foundling,
J ——— V ——— W ———,
Died Aug. 1, 1853,
aged 7 months.

'It was upon the second month
Of eighteen hundred and fifty-three
This dearest little stranger
Was left alone with me.

'We were all sitting happy
By the cheerful fire bright
When all at once the door-bell rang,
At 8 o'clock at night.

'We took him in and clothed him well
And watched him day and night,
Until our blessed LORD thought fit
To take him from our sight.

'By his little tender age anxiety and care
And finding him upon our door step,
Made him to us so dear.

'He grew to us most beautiful
But he was only given,
As a fair bud to earth,
But to blossom in heaven.'

Want some more of it?' - - - THE next day, as we began to say, after our *late* luck at 'Lizard Lake,' we started forth for a 'northern tour' to a certain 'POND,' which shall be nameless, because it is private property,

and the proprietor gives no permission to fish therein, save to personal friends or acquaintances. The road was excellent, our team a spanking good one, and the morning cool and pure. Arrived at the spot, with all our traps and 'provants,' we *coolly* anchored our wagon, put our 'grub'-pail under it, our horses at feed in the shade, and then proceeded to construct a raft, from a saw-mill near by. This was soon accomplished, with the requisite layers of scantling, boards, cross-sleepers, etc., until the whole structure was made '*slab* and good.' Then 'launched we upon the deep' of the mill-pond. In various parts of its expansive surface we 'essayed the wily fisher's art,' but all to no purpose. An hour or two had passed, but as yet 'not a bite.' Possessing ourselves in much patience, we thought of the colloquy with a devoted troutman in England: 'Got any thing yet, my friend?' '*Got any thing!*' — of *course* not: I only *came* here last Wednesday!' Well, while so sitting, and so wandering in desultory thought, there came down through the mountain-gorge in which the pond was situated, a sudden and stiff breeze, which, at least to 'Old KNICK,' seemed at once to separate the forward part of our frail ark. The water where we were was some thirty feet deep: it was water all around us, 'and nothing else,' save a stump, some four feet above the surface of the pond. This, in desperation, clasped 'Old KNICK.' The 'float,' meanwhile, seemed separating from beneath our feet; and looking back, we saw the 'KING' as we thought vainly endeavoring to force the raft toward us, against the increasing wind. We cried out: 'For Gon's sake! force the raft up! I can't hold on a minute longer!' The answer to this was: 'Let go! — let go, and fall back!' This seemed even more perilous than to remain. And now it was that we lost our presence of mind. 'Fear came upon us, and trembling, that caused all our bones to shake:' the 'terrors of DEATH gat hold upon us.' It was a moment of awful suspense: (suspended to a stump, in a big saw-mill pond, the wind blowing like sixty, or in the neighborhood of that figure:) we thought, in that brief space, of what we had done, and how much we had left undone, in the life that was now about to close: of the loved ones far away, who were little thinking of our present peril: we thought of the Life to Come: when we felt a strong hand grasp us, and the next moment were lying on the 'broad of our back' upon the '*spreading* deck' of our slab-raft. We had sank in deep waters, and the floods had gone over us. We paddled ashore; and while our friend fruitlessly essayed his line in other 'spots' of the pond, we mounted a pile of fresh-sawed boards on the southern side of a building near by, and while we were slowly drying in the sun, had a most charming confabulation with two pretty children — a little girl of eight, and a little boy of six years: the first with sparkling, intelligent eyes, thin, expressive lips, and as 'smart as a steel-trap;' the second, with a mouth like a rose-bud; little short pearly teeth, like a row of kernels on a small ear of white sweet-corn; and 'as bright as a button.' These 'little people' have not even yet forgotten us, if the express-man did his duty, and delivered to them, two days after, 'Old KNICK's remembrancer. And that he *did* do it, we have no reason to doubt. - - - We are frequently asked by correspondents in different sections of the Union, in these sharp political times:

'Who is your man for PRESIDENT? Show your hand!' We will: although ours is not, nor has it ever been, a political, sectarian or sectional Magazine in the slightest degree or particular for twenty-three years. But now we *will* speak. We 'go for'

J. C. Buch. Millard Fillmont.

Any man — 'not *that* man, but another man,' or *any* man — who will give us the little office we seek, shall have our suffrages, provided he is 'sound' on the 'Principles of Ninety-eight.' *This* should be made a 'test-question' with *all* the candidates. - - - The announcement of the death of Mr. GEORGE REDFIELD, of New-York, which reaches us in the public journals, startles us all at 'Cedar-Cottage,' reposing in the silence and quietude of the country. He loved children. Also — which always follows — for, as BYRON says, 'The heart *must* leap kindly back to kindness' — children loved *him*. Mr. REDFIELD was fond of humor, and many was the 'good thing' he sent to us for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER, which he 'came across' in his desultory reading. He was an admirer of fine pictures, and an admirable and discriminating connoisseur of the same. His own collection was rare and well-chosen; his books of the best editions and binding; and his articles of *verité* showed their possessor to be a man of delicate and refined taste. He was, moreover, a frank, generous man, who despised all meanness; and he loved his friends. We saw but little of him in later months, after we quitted residing uninterruptedly in town: but the last time we met him, he gave us a characteristically-cordial invitation to visit him at Brooklyn, and begged our acceptance of a small but beautiful landscape, which we had admired at his apartments in town. Mr. REDFIELD was still a young man; but many years ago he lost a young and lovely wife — the lady alluded to in the following passage from our little volume, '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,' which we hope to be pardoned for quoting here, for the enjoyment of thousands who are our readers *now*, but who were not so *then*:

'THE following most touching fragment of a *Letter from a Dying Wife to her Husband* was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear-marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"WHEN this shall reach your eye, dear GEORGE, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away for ever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide for ever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts was at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet, dear GEORGE, *it is so!* Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle on silently and alone with the *sure conviction* that I am about to leave all for ever, and go down alone into the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I have believed,' and leaning upon His arm 'I fear no evil.' Do not blame me for keeping even

all this from you. How could I subject *you*, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will so soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when *your* time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its MAKER's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not so to be — and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my SAVIOUR's bosom! And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirit shall hold one last fond communion, until gently fading from my view — the last of earth — you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear GEORGE, where you will lay me: often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sun-set as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, *each* perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come *alone*, and whichever it might be, *your* name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot; and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sun-light linger and play among the grass that grows over your MARY's grave. I know you'll go often alone there, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, '*I am not lost, but gone before!*'"

'They loved in life, and now in death they are not divided.' They sleep together in the beautiful cemetery near Troy, where we have stood by *her* grave, at sun-set, with the weeping husband who has now rejoined her 'in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.'

WE are well pleased, as our readers every where we are sure will be, to find again in our pages our old friend and correspondent, CARL BENSON: and especially, when he so cordially confirms the public estimate of the gossipings of another favorite contributor. 'CARL,' since our readers last heard from him, has been enjoying the varied delights of life in Paris, Baden-Baden, Weisbaden, Rome, Naples, Florence, 'an' the lave'; and now, as Sir JOHN MAUNDEVILLE hath it, 'he is comen home to rest' for a time in his 'own, his native land,' to which many friends will make him warmly welcome:

'DEAR CLARK: It is not often that I write to you, either in sorrow or in anger; but now, after a long silence, I take pen in hand under the influence of both emotions. It is not often that I am forced to mention any of your contributors in terms of criticism or complaint, but now I have a sore grievance against one of them — I mean that gentleman who rejoices in the pseudonym of MACE SLOPER. That person's writings are positively dangerous to society. Witness what befel me last week. I undertook to read in an omnibus his 'Three Parties and a Literary Reception.' What was the result? Why, Sir, in the first place I was seized with sundry attacks of real Homeric, inextinguishable laughter, whereby I narrowly escaped being taken up for a lunatic, as most of my fellow-travellers were grave business men, who could n't see any joke except 'cornering' some poor devil on fancy stock. Secondly and chiefly, I was so absorbed and lost to the external world for some fifteen or twenty minutes, that a most respectable-looking young man alongside me (of course he was bound to be most respectable-looking) made a too successful effort to 'realize' my purse, containing no less than \$97, to say nothing of

the purse itself, which was a gift from Mrs. CARL, and her own handiwork, of course beyond all value. Now, Sir, I ask, is a man to be allowed to go writing about in that way and making people get their pockets picked? If you do n't suppress that contributor of yours, there is no answering for the consequences. To be sure that is no excuse for the other party, the ingenious 'operator.' May all TRISTAM SHANDY'S curse light upon him, and old WALTER DE MAPES' beside, which is the more pithy and convenient of the two. Do n't you recollect it?

*'Raptor mei pilei morte moriatur,
Mors sit subitanea nec provideatur.
May the man who stole my purse perish in a twinkling
By a sudden death, of which he shall have no inkling.*

*'Raptor mei pilei mala morte cadat
Illum febris rabies et tabes invadat.
May the man who stole my purse die a very bad death,
Hydrophobia, cholera, every sort of bad death.*

And so on for some ten stanzas. Nay, I feel inclined to concoct an additional anathema of my own on the fellow. As thus:

*'MAY the man who stole my purse meet with all afflictions,
Friendship of the SEWER set, FERGRAVE'S benedictions;
Long harangues Congressional, full of sound and passion,
Strikingly illustrated in the present fashion.*

*'May his wife write several books and be counted clever,
May his sons be candidates (well abused) for ever,
May be in prison shut, fasting, without ere a can,
And have nothing there to read save the North American.*

*'May he perish unabsolved of all sins confessible,
May he have to write a leader for the Inexpressible;
May he be bisected by bowie-knives and hand-saws,
And be sent an emigrant over-land to Kansas.*

*'When his earthly tenement yields his soul no shelter
May it animate the corpse of an ancient pelter;
Tackled to an omnibus may, 'neath whip and curb, he
Travel through eternity o'er the Russ in urbe.*

*'May he be devoured alive by the fiercest creatures,
Cimices domestici, Carribee mosquitoes;
May the rail-road subdivide into sausage-meat him,
May adopted citizens with their whiskey eat him.*

'*Apropos* of sausage-meat, (it is pleasant to change our mournful theme.) I lately heard a matter-of-fact, elderly gentleman laying down the law on an important point connected therewith. 'Being intimately acquainted,' said Mr. FOGY, 'with an eminent sausage-maker in the City of Churches, I once took occasion to ask him if there was any foundation to the popular belief that 'old dog Tray ever faithful; sometimes found a premature grave in the commodities of inferior dealers. He utterly denied the possibility of such a thing and proved it to me at length. 'In the first place,' he said, 'the price of dogs is greatly increased by the new regulations' secondly, the dog is a very troublesome and tedious animal to skin; thirdly, the meat is white, and easily detected; fourthly —' At this stage of the demonstration two or three of the company simultaneously expressed their conviction that the eminent sausage-vender's intimate knowledge of the subject was somewhat suspicious, and that we might without uncharitableness suppose that he himself had tried the experiment at any rate.

'But, after all, may not the vulgar prejudice be an erroneous one? May not a slight *souçon* of dog in sausage be rather a benefit to the article? I remember reading a pathetic German tale, (perhaps it was in the KNICKERBOCKER. I believe *every thing* has been in old KNICK some time or other, as that precious BEAUVALLER says every thing is in Broadway;) the heroine's two lovers agree to decide their pretensions by their skill in sausage-making. Her 'parient,' the burgomaster of the town, is to be judge. The rival sausages are laid on a table before him, and he cuts a slice from each alternately. By-and-by one begins to disappear more rapidly than the other, and finally vanishes, leaving its competitor but half-eaten. The affair is decided; but soon after, the heroine's pet spaniel is among the missing. She has sacrificed him to insure the success of the favored suitor.

'I knew a young lady who received from a friend in Philadelphia a present of a small dog and a pound of sausages. It was suggested that they were specimens of the raw material and the manufactured article. The animal certainly seemed to have some sort of sympathy with the edibles; for when we eat them, he nearly eat some of us. Which is all at present from

CARL BENSON.'

'Bedford, (L. I.) July 21st.

'CARL's pen must not be idle. - - - The following is from the San-Francisco '*Alta-Californian*.' It is a most strange communication. It strikes us that there is great danger in recklessly publishing anecdotes of great men, not *known* to be entirely authentic. We cannot but regret that the memory of such a man as JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke should be likely to suffer from so apparently absurd a story. Our Virginia correspondents, at all events, can tell us whether there is such a work as '*Chittenden's Western Virginia*':

'JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE. — In an account of the death of JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, which went the rounds of the press a year or two since, it was stated that Mr. RANDOLPH, during his last moments, wrote the word 'REMORSE' on one of his visiting-cards, and continued to gaze upon it with a melancholy expression until his eyes were closed in death. This statement was dwelt upon with much unction, particularly by the religious papers; the evident effect produced by it being the idea that this great man was troubled in mind, at this solemn period, by the memory of some unrepented and unatoned-for crime. The following passage from 'CHITTENDEN's '*Western Virginia*' may serve to throw some light on the subject:

'THE day after the funeral, a stranger, dressed in deep black, called at the mansion and inquired for Mr. RANDOLPH. He was ignorant of the melancholy event that had occurred, and was profoundly shocked when told of RANDOLPH's death. He inquired particularly if Mr. RANDOLPH had not asked for him, stated that his business with him had been urgent, and that he had been especially directed to call upon the day on which he arrived, and expressed the deepest regret that he had come too late. On going away, the stranger left his card, on which was engraved 'R. E. MORSE, Culpepper County, Va.' This man was never seen again, and, though frequent inquiries were subsequently made for him, they proved unsuccessful. It was supposed by BURWELL that this must have been the agent alluded to by Mr. RANDOLPH in his account of the Cuban affair.'

This is not the end of this. - - - The following is the *State of Crops at Cedar-Hill Cottage*, on the Tappaän-Zee: CORN, 'sweet-white,' soft, succulent, and abundant: CUCUMBERS, an excess: TOMATOES: ah! *there* we 'expand and burgeon!' Being in great abundance, they 'astonish all beholders.' We never saw, and our metropolitan friends, (country-born, and 'knowing beans,' tomatoes, etc.,) say *they* never saw, such a sight. Four and six inches across is a specimen far from being uncommon. PEAS, 'Lima,' 'String,' and 'China' BEANS have been 'plaänty:' while our 'water, mush,

and other millions,' are the envy of 'by-standers,' looking admiringly over the pickets. CABBAGES and CAULIFLOWERS (each had constant and careful nursing) are better in no man's garden in Rockland county. In fact, ours is a 'Garden of Delight' to visit before the sun comes up above the hills that border the eastern shore of the great and broad Hudson, as we have done hundreds of times this summer. But our '*Country Farm*,' where our chief landed 'possessions lie,' (we have an estate in the Isle of *Sky* and another in our *eye*, but they do n't count in *this* statement,) is our main reliance for our standard farm-produce. The '*BILLINGS Estate*,' of some three hundred acres, four miles back, of which it forms a part, (being over an acre in extent,) is probably one of the best among the many good farms in our immediate quarter, on this side of the Hudson. Well wooded and well watered, with broad meadows, rich fields of golden grain, and the beautiful Indian corn, and dark-green potatoes, it is a pleasure only to *look* upon it. What then must be *our* emotions, when — visiting the hospitable proprietor, at his old-fashioned but pleasant and spacious mansion — we look upon an acre of *our* corn — *our* potatoes — *our* beans! All *our* work, too, and our faithful lad DENNIS's — and all growing thrifty and strong, and ripening for the harvest! Is there among our friends any one whose potatoes are not 'laid in' for the winter? We have a superior variety of that tuber, which a liberal price can alone secure: but we *have* an article of potato, of a good quality, which we can put to our friends at a rate which will bring it within the reach of the meanest capacity. 'Send in your orders, gentlemen — send 'em in!' - - - A FRIEND sends us the following, which we happen to *know* to be true: and to prove it to our correspondent's satisfaction, we take the liberty to ask him whether the 'Gen. F —' referred to is not our old friend and correspondent, who furnished for the pages of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER, '*A Night in Bed with a Rattlesnake*,' and an '*Adventure on the Great Prairie*' — two communications which have gone the rounds of the public press in every State in the Union? 'A ducat to a beggarly denier' that we are in the right:

'THE character of the Indian is a peculiar one. Although for many years the red man of this country has been brought, more or less, in close proximity with the whites, the former rarely assimilate in habit or taste with the latter. They are firm in their purpose, and true in friendship, when you have once secured their confidence. They are wily, crafty, subtle; with a high sense of dignity, when once you have touched the noble and generous impulses of their nature, and highly sensitive on the question of color. An amusing instance of the tenacity with which they cling to this latter propensity, occurred some years since in the Western part of this State. It is, no doubt, very generally known that the Tonawanda Indians still retain a portion of their ancient and once extensive reservation, now reduced to twelve thousand eight hundred acres, situated in the county of Genesee. It is a cardinal principal with the red man never to forget a favor, and sooner or later he seeks the occasion to repay it. Many of your readers, doubtless, know, either personally or by reputation, Gen F —, who has, for many years past, occupied a somewhat prominent position in the administration of the affairs of this State. In years gone by, the General was in the habit of rendering this tribe, and

others constituting the Six Nations, many acts of kindness and favor, and by so doing was frequently brought in contact with the renowned chief, RED JACKET, whose high oratorical powers were the wonder and admiration of all who had the pleasure of listening to his noble, manly, spirit-stirring appeals in behalf of his once powerful but now humbled and down-trodden race.

Those who know the General are aware that he never boasts of a light or florid complexion, but on the contrary, prides himself upon his 'native American' tinge, or what he is pleased to term, 'fast-color.' Many a good joke has been perpetrated at his expense, and no one enjoys them in a higher degree than himself. And this is suggestive of one which I heard not long since, and which I consider too good to be lost. It was so amusing to me, as illustrative of Indian character, showing the pride with which they regard the color of their race, and the pertinacity with which they are prepared to defend it, that I feel strongly inclined to give it publicity.

It may not be generally known, but such, nevertheless, is the fact, that no higher compliment can possibly be paid an individual by the Indian race, than by his adoption into the tribe, and his elevation to the rank of a chief. This is an event of rare occurrence, and never permitted, except as a manifestation of high regard on their part for favors received. It was in this light that the Indians looked upon our friend, the General; and it was determined to confer upon him the highest honors of the nation. The 'Grand Council' was assembled, and the General, who was present, was 'put through,' with all the peculiar ceremonies practised by them on such occasions, which, by the way, I am told, are highly interesting and imposing. It is true, the General by adoption had been made an Indian, and a chief; still it was supposed by many that his claim to be a 'white man,' notwithstanding all the attendant and rather doubtful circumstances of the case, was yet somewhat strongly in his favor. But this point was soon decided against him, and in the following emphatic manner: Soon after the occurrence of the event narrated, one of the chiefs of the tribe happened in a neighboring town, and meeting 'Squire N——', the latter inquired of him if there was any news at Tonawanda, when the chief replied: 'No, not much. Have 'em Grand Council there last week, and make 'em Great Chief.'

'Ah? — and whom did you *make* Chief?' 'General F——,' replied the interrogated, laconically. 'What General F——?' demanded 'Squire N——'.

'Why, General F——, of Batavia,' was the reply.

'But,' said the 'Squire, 'General F—— of Batavia is a *white man*.'

This was too much for the Indian. His own pride, and the dignity of his adopted chief, had been insulted. So, drawing himself up to his full height, and assuming a defiant attitude, his eyes flashing fire, he replied: '*He a white man!* NOT BY A D — D SIGHT!!'

If not convinced, 'Squire N—— was obliged to yield the argument, and the Indian marched off with evident signs of victory. Notwithstanding this attempt of 'Squire N—— to make him out a *white man*, the General still retains his good standing in the tribe, and is looked upon as a great favorite by his red brethren.'

We have *seen* him at Tonawanda! - - - THERE is no bereaved mother who can read the ensuing lines without tears, both of sorrow and of hope. They are by Mr. ROBERT S. CHILTON, of Washington, (D. C.,) and reflect honor upon his heart and his poetical 'gift divine.' Our friend DEMPSTER has married them to most appropriately-touching music, and sings them with

all his accustomed feeling and effect. Mr. DITSON, of Boston, the popular vocalist's popular publisher, has the music nearly ready for the press :

'The Mother's First Grief.'

'SHE sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past:
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
O those happy, happy moments!
They but deepen her despair,
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there !

'There are words of comfort spoken,
And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief:
But her wavering thoughts will wander,
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been !
For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there !

'She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly wo;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the Voice that hushed the sea
Still her spirit with the whisper,
'Suffer them to come to Me.'
And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward
And she sees her baby there !'

Precious, precious consolation ! - - - We promised in our last number to give in the present issue a few passages from an amusing letter which we had just received from 'JOHN PHENIX,' although dated at San-Francisco, *January twenty-eighth*, (later dates than we had before received,) and crowned with such a post-stamp, with such a full-length likeness of General WASHINGTON, under the head, as we suspect was never seen before. But to Mr. PHENIX's epistle :

'THE Limantour (*Le Menteur*) title to about one-half of San-Francisco, has lately been confirmed amid weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. JOHN NUGENT of the *Herald*, remarked to me yesterday that he did n't like the title to my book, 'PHENIXIANA;' said it was n't a good one. I told him it was as good as any one; *no* title was worth a red cent in this country.' (Play on the word *deed* — he! he!) - - - Like unto Mr. SPARROW-GRASS, I have recently purchased a horse: bought him as 'perfectly sound.' With the exception of two wind-galls, a splint, and a ring-bone, he appears to be. But lo, you! as I was driving him a-down the street this morning, a man (JOHNSON, you do n't know him) said unto me: 'Hello! why do n't you get *two* horses for that heavy buggy? — that's too much for one.' I know you do n't like puns — I do n't; despise any body

that makes 'em: but I told JOHNSON I did n't like display, and preferred to drive about in a one-horsetentatious manner. (Play on the word *charger*.) JOHNSON smiled, and I went off with upright carriage. - - - Since writing the above, a little incident has (actually) transpired that I think will please you. Our little girl, yecept DAISY, fourteen months old, blue eyes, yellow hair, and with a gradually increasing taste for comic almanacs, pleasing to notice, sat upon the floor this morning playing with Harper, Putnam, ye Eclectic, and ye goodlye KNICKERBOCKER, when a sudden ejaculation from the maternal relative, and the spectacle of the baby borne from the room with great precipitancy, attracted my attention. The periodicals suffered. 'Never mind,' said I to my wife, 'I must tell my friend 'Old KNICK' of that, and he will rejoice with exceeding great joy to hear it. 'I do n't see why,' said she. 'No?' answered I: 'why what could be a more satisfactory proof of a literary turn, than to find a child of this precocious age pouring over the columns of the KNICKERBOCKER?' By the way, this reminds me of 'suthin' else. Many months ago, when DAISY was but a callow infant, I was afflicted with a grievous cough, and one night, far in the deep watches, I gave vent to such a cough, prolonged, terrific, hideous, that I woke myself, wife, and infant, which last set up a most unearthly and tremendous yell. 'There,' said my sympathizing partner: 'You 've gone and woke up the baby.' I was wroth at this uncalled-for remark, and replied: 'Well, I'm glad of it.' There was a moment's silence, and then she asked: 'Why?' 'Well,' said I, 'it shows the child has a tender disposition and feeling heart. She is weeping over her father's coughing.' There was silence at the Mission of Dolores for the space of about half an hour after that. - - - I did not intend to have commenced another sheet, but as I have done so, I callate I had better tell you a small anecdote about Captain WALLEN, of the Fourth Foot, which he told me, and I thought at the time, I remember, was worthy of repetition. WALLEN started down from the Dalles to Vancouver, to bring up a party of recruits to fight the locomotive Indians. He stopped for the night at the Cascades, in the house of an old man, hight 'Uncle SAMMY,' an inquisitive old fellow, about eighty-six, and deaf as a haddock. After supper the old man, old woman, and WALLEN, drew up chairs around a blazing wood-fire. The old man immediately commenced applying the brake, (good expression for *pump*?) 'What are ye goin' daöwn to the maöuth of the river for?' 'After recruits,' replied WALLEN, at the top of his voice. 'Hey?' 'After Re-recruits!' roared WALLEN again. 'Can't hear ye.' Then the old lady moved round, and putting her mouth to the old man's ear, shouted, in a voice that would have done credit to STREXON after he 'd got a little in years: 'He's a goin' daöwn — arter re-recruits — sugar — and — coffee — and sich!' - - - One small (Irish) yarn more, and I'll 'dry up,' *tambien*. Premises: You know a soldier has two dresses — full-uniform and fatigue: the one blazing with worsted embroidery; t'other, dull and sombre-looking. PATRICK HOGAN, of the Second United States Foot, stationed, in the year of grace, '36, at Tampa Bay, E. F., went forth one day into the wilderness near the barracks, and seating himself beneath a palmetto, essayed to read a small Roman Catholic book called 'The Words of JESUS,' when 'zoom!' a yellow-jacket hornet stung him under the left ear. 'It hurt,' and PAT chased the '*little animil*' for some time, but fruitlessly. Next day, went forth again: same tree; same book; 'Words,' etc.: every thing quiet, when, buzz! buzz! a large brown beetle came flying up. PAT looked at him, and left: 'Ah! be J —,' said he, 'my boy, d' ye think I do n't know ye in yer *fatagues*?' On reading this over it do n't sound as funny as it did when Dr. BYRNE of the United States Army told it to me; but it's a deuced good story, and if ever we three meet again, I'll have him tell you that, *et al.*, which you never heard before.

A TROY correspondent sends us the following instance of the manner in which a witness was 'bothered,' once on a time, in Albany, by the 'exaggerated language' of the examining counsel.

The case was one of Assault and Battery. 'With attempt to kill,' was

first inserted in the pleadings, but subsequently withdrawn; there being not the slightest ground for maintaining or *attempting* to maintain *that* portion of the 'declaration' then and there made, at the times, time, or half-a-time 'therein before mentioned.'

The case was called before a 'full *bench*' — one member of which had been on the bench before; having been, before he was twenty-one years of age, a shoe-maker and shoe-dealer; and in both capacities, an upright, honorable man.

The counsel for the defendant rose:

'This, gentlemen of the jury, is a plain case. You have heard the statement of the prosecutor: I shall ask you now to hear *mine*, on behalf of my injured client. I shall use few words. Few words are needed, save in cases where confusion and bewilderment of reasoning are necessary to befog the mind of a *ju-ror*. All that *we* want, if I understand the case rightly, is a legal curtailed abbreviation, compressing all the general particulars. Acting upon this labor-saving and time-preserving principle, I shall now proceed, under the direction of this honorable court, to cross-examine the first witness called by the prosecution in this case.

'JOHN JONES!'

A lame man, his right hand palsied, his hair all awry, and looking as if he had had a hard night of it, hobbled up on the stand.

'You have sworn in this case,' said the counsel for the defendant, 'that you saw an assault made by my client, the prisoner at the bar, upon the person of the prosecutor in the present case?'

'Yes: I *did*.'

'Oh! you *did*! The Court will observe that this is *one* of two classes of witnesses that professional gentlemen of the law have an especial disgust at encountering: a too *willing*, or a too *un-willing* witness. However——'

'Permit me, Sir — hold up your head! — if you are not about to swear to a falsehood, look upon the court, the jury, and this large and intelligent audience.'

'Yes, Sir — I *expect* to — that is exactly what I expected, what I wanted to do.'

'Yes, no doubt: you *wanted* to do it; but you were over-ruled — you were tampered with. Never mind, (with a wink to the jury,) we'll *try* to get the truth out of you, any how, despite the most ingenious prevarication.

'Well, Sir,' let me ask you, in the first place, did you have an unclouded view — were your optics undimmed — were your eyes all right — when you saw my client, previous to resorting to corporeal extremities, attempt to coerce and preponderate upon the excited fears of the prosecutor in this case?'

'Sir??' was the interrogatory answer.

'I say — I ask you for the second time, 'Did you see *any* person attempt to aggravate the fears, and enhance the apprehensions of my client?'

'I do n't *know* — I *might*, perhaps. But what was you sayin' of?'

'The Court will please to observe: I asked the witness as to his personal evidence in this case: whether he himself *saw* the offence commit-

ted—I mean, of course, the alleged offence. I shall now put to him a direct and *unevadable* question.

‘I ask you now, Did you have an unclouded view—were your optics undimmed when you saw this person—this individual—this prisoner at the bar, raise his muscular arm, and attempt to coërcé and preponderate upon the already sufficiently-excited fears of my client?’

‘*Sir?*’ asked the witness, completely dumbfounded.

‘The Court will observe,’ said the advocate, ‘that the witness desires to prevaricate. He delays an answer to my interrogation, which, as your Honor must have seen, was a very simple one, in order to make up a reply that will hold water. But we shall see about that!’

‘Now, Sir, I ask you again—(look me in the face, Sir, and at the Court, and the Jury, Sir) did you see this person, this man, this individual, did you see this prisoner, here present at the bar of this court, did you see him raise, as I have said, his muscular and out-stretched arm, and endeavor to excite and exaggerate the already greatly-excited fears of my client?’

‘*Sir?*’ asked the witness again: ‘I am afraid I do n’t understand you. What was you a-sayin’ of?’

The lawyer turned to the court, with a ludicrous expression of astonishment, and said:

‘*The witness does not understand me!!!*’

‘The court,’ in the person of Judge W——, a good deal of a wag, quietly remarked:

‘If the counsel would use less circumlocution, his case would be much plainer stated.’

‘What does your Honor mean?’

‘I mean, Sir,’ said the Judge, ‘that you cover a large piece of bread with a very small piece of butter. Ask the witness if he saw a blow given, and to whom.’

Counsel here said to witness: ‘Did you see him strike him?’

‘I *did*—and he knocked him down.’

‘Why did n’t you *say* so, before?’ asked the counsel.

‘Cause you did n’t *ask* me,’ answered the witness.

And he was perfectly right. He had *not* been asked the question.

—
WILLIAM PITT PALMER has been to Niagara: and on which topic, hear him ‘explode’:

‘WHERE’s the fire? What’s the row?
Clear the track! steboy! bow-wow!
Lord! how every mother’s son,
Heels o’er head goes tearing on,
With the ‘looseness’ and mad noise
Of ten hundred thousand boys
Playing leap-frog, *en chemise*,
In a rouser of a breeze.

‘Better check your roystering rout,
Just to see what you’re about:
Fun is fun, but recklessness,
Faith, is quite another guess!

Goat Island, 1855.

Do n’t you hear the warning thunder
Of that awful Break-neck yonder?
Into whose prodigious yawn
Millions of your race have gone,
Helter-skelter, o’er the brink
And been swallowed in a twink!
If you do not, ere too late,
Have a care of JONAH’s fate,
‘Gad, you’ll rue it, one and all!
There! like scared sheep o’er a wall,
Now you leap and down you go,
Slap-dash!—did n’t I tell you so!
Served ‘em right, by JINKUM Jo!

W. P. P.

THE *fun* of THOMAS HOOD (in connection with his humanity, his touching pathos of description, and his sound English common-sense) seems destined to an undying reputation. His comic works might appropriately appear under the head of '*Laughter from Year to Year*,' so various are they, and so perfectly unique in themselves. Hood says in one of his sketches, that '*a laugh* is the best vocal music; it is a glee in which every body can take a part.' He would have even the most desponding sometimes '*join in*;' things '*may take a turn*,' as the pig said while on the spit.

As this is the time when many hundreds of amateur-farmers, retired to the country from the city, are doing their best in the 'experimental' way, we suspect that the attempts made by Mr. PUGSBY, a retired London shoemaker, and family, to cultivate the small farm left them by a country uncle, some two hundred miles from London, will cause many a toiling brow to unwrinkle. The old lady writes to a town friend:

'As I know you will like country delicacies, you will receive a pound of fresh butter, when it '*comes*:' and I mean to send you a cheese as soon as I can get one to stick together.

'We wring a pig's neck on Saturday, and then I will send you some nice family-perk.

'We have smoky chimneys, in which our hams are hung; but '*what is to be cured, must be endured*,' as the minister says.

'JOHN, our son, in attempting to plough the other day, met with agricultural distress! As soon as he whipped his horses the plough stuck its nose into the ground and tumbled over head and heels.'

The 'old man's letter smells of the shop. He writes:

'The cows have all run away, except them that has bu'st themselves in the clover-fields, and a small dividend, as I may say, of one in the *pound*.

'Another item:—The pigs, to save bread-and-milk, have been turned into the woods for acorns, and is an article producing no returns, as not one of 'em has yet come back.

'P. S. — Poultry ditto!'

Perhaps there are not a few at this moment, within a hundred or more miles of our city, who, under the contradictory 'advisement' of various correspondents of agricultural newspapers, are having somewhat similar 'experiences' to these.

From the familiar epistle of a friend, whom we regard with an affection 'passing the love of women,' we pick out the following passages:

'I HAVE fitted up my cellar as a temporary sanctum for the dog-days, and have an old sofa, (comfortable,) a table, and an ink-stand in it. There I am free from heat, flies, and a glare of light; and though I am in the midst of ashes like Job, and resemble his turkey for poorness, yet I *unwill* again like a cabbage wet with the night-dews. Occasionally I stand out on the floor in *puris naturalibus*, and pour a pail of water right over my head. The last thunder-storm came about nine o'clock at night. I walked out on a long gallery, where clothes are hung on the roof, and bared my bosom to the storm. My white skin shone in the repeated flashes, and I looked like a statue carved by the hand of Nature. To-day it has been blazing-hot again, and the heavens are like brass. All the crispness and enthusiasm of life are gone. I have been up to Lake

Memphramagog and sailed through it. The scenery is grand. How do you come on at 'Cedar-Hill'? The KNICKERBOCKER has arrived since I began this. It is a good number, and deserves *warm* commendation, as a piece of July work. - - - A black-and-white dog has stolen my meat four times. At last I told his owner that he would wake up some morning and find his dog tremendously licked. To-day I caught him sneaking about my house, and almost broke his back with a whacking blow. He screamed as if his tail was getting cut off. It did me good. - - - I must close with a narrative. A poor woman, of a pious and conscientious mind, was subpoenaed and called to testify in court. She refused to swear: 'She had never sworn in her life: she was 'principled agin it: she would be turned out of meeting. She was a 'fessor of 'ligion, and would'n't swear if the whole world was given to her in fee simple. 'You will please hold up your hand and take the oath.' 'Take the oath! O dear me! I aint profane. You might as well ask me to break the Sabbath.' 'Good woman, you *must* do it, or we shall send you to jail.' 'Must I? Then, if I must, I—I—oh! dear—I 'spose I must: DAMN!'"

A 'LIVE YANKEE' being awakened by the captain of a steam-boat with the announcement that he 'must n't occupy his berth with his boots on,' replied: 'Oh! the bugs won't hurt 'em *much*, I guess—they're an *old* pair: let 'em rip!' - - - 'THE following lines,' writes a Cincinnati correspondent, 'which have never appeared in print, I found in my uncle's port-folio in Quincy, Illinois: 'The biographer of BARON DE STEUBEN relates that the State of New-York, after the close of the Revolution, presented that distinguished champion of American freedom with sixteen thousand acres of land in an uncultivated wilderness in the county of Oneida, upon which he settled and resided until his death. Upon the occurrence of that melancholy event, agreeably to his desire often expressed while living, he was wrapped in his cloak, placed in a plain coffin, and laid in the earth, without a stone to tell where he lies.' We hope that this may not be altogether correct. Surely the *place* where so brave a hero sleeps should not be unknown:

'THEY laid him to rest in a cold damp berth,
In a silent place in the virgin earth;
Where the strong boughs threw, in their forest gloom,
A darkening shade o'er the warrior's tomb.

'Silent and sad, they laid him to rest,
With implements rude spread turf on his breast:
Not a tear was wept at the funeral sound,
Not a sigh was heard on the dim woods round.

'No friends were there—no mother was near
To pour out her heart o'er the solemn bier:
For in a far-off land and deep, dark shade,
In his martial cloak was STEUBEN laid.

'And the weeping winds that sung his dirge
Were not like the trumpet's swelling surge;
But mournfully sad, in their plaintive grief,
Poured the requiem o'er the patriot-chief.

'All else was quiet in that lonely spot,
Where the hero brave had chosen his lot:
And they buried him there, in the cheerless gloom,
Where the clustering shades repose on his tomb.

'He had come with a heart both firm and true:
He had fought the battles of liberty through:
And the close of his life was bright with peace;
He was going to rest where wars shall cease.

'Oh! tread not the ground where his ashes rest:
Oh! press not the sod on his throbbless breast:
'Tis a hallowed spot where the warrior lies,
Far, far from the glow of his vernal skies.

'The bugle's shrill note nor cannon's loud roar
Shall wake him to life or consciousness more:
But he 'll live in the hearts of the true and the brave,
Whose country he came to defend and save.'

WE commend the following to the attention of our friend General M —, the recent biographer of 'ROBERT OF LINCOLN' and 'Madame SONTAG':

'CHARLEY and CHERRY are both dead: both were beautiful birds, and sweet warblers; but they have sung their last song, and folded their little wings, and hid their little heads for their last sleep.

'Their lives ran through ten long years — years of joy to them; but for some of us, who cared for and loved these little ones, years of sorrow and joy both. Their carol has broken on our ears when great pain was in our hearts, and great darkness upon our eyes; it has mingled, too, in our hymns of joy and psalms of praise. One who loved them very much, and gently ministered to their wants, went away from our hearth and home one cold March night, just as the village clock was ringing out the solemn hour of twelve. We were stricken with great grief at her departure. The house was very desolate without her loving presence; but while she lay dead, and we moved so softly from room to room, Birdies sang as though no death was in the world, and as they sang, we thought of that white-robed company into which the beloved had been lifted, and that new song which fell from her redeemed lips.

'We carried the dead forth, and laid the mortal down where the shadow of the church fell, returned to our darkened dwelling; but when we crossed its threshold, CHARLEY shook his shining plumes, and poured from his little throat a joyous gush of melody, as though he would comfort us with the assurance that what we had just sown in weakness would be raised in power.

'Dear little songsters! ye were very lovely in your lives, and in death not long divided.

'CHARLEY died first, drooped and died, just as the warm breath of spring was making the earth green, ere the flowers had fully come.

'Then CHERRY mourned and would not be comforted. It was pitiful to hear her call for her dead mate. At length she became so worn with grief, that she refused all food, and on the first day of August, sat in mute despair on the floor of her cage: suddenly there was a slight shiver of her body, then her little heart was still, and the lid fell over her little eyes for ever.

'They lie buried together, beneath the apple-tree by my window. They will wake me no more by their glad some song, but they shall have a sunny spot in my memory. They broke shell among the green hills of Vermont, far away inland. They find their grave on the banks of the Saco, within sound of the murmuring sea. May they find sweet rest in that spirit bird-land which they have entered!

F. B. W.'

THE following '*Apostrophe by a Dyspeptic*,' after dining at a French restaurant, the friend who sends it to us says is 'positively new':

'INCIPIENT calf! thy tender fricandeau
Has made the public *well* my private *weau*.'

A 'hard' pun, as the best always are. - - - Our '*Bachelor*' correspondent, in our last number, is 'getting it' east and west: and he deserves it. Think of a man saying to his fellow-curmudgeons, 'Rejoice ye the more for your freedom from children!' We ask to know no more of *any* man, than that he does n't love children. The other day, when we came near being drowned in a miserable mill-pond, we thought we had never loved them half enough: and when, on our return, we came up the Hudson in our staunch and swift 'ISAAC P. SMITH' steamer, and saw another father, with his carpet-bag, land at Yonkers wharf, and saw a little five-year-old boy, who was waiting by his mother's side, leave her and run to meet his father, and put his small hand in his, we felt the *feel* of that hand in our own, like a little throbbing bird. Talk of '*rejoicing* at freedom from children!' - - - THE subjoined lines are from the German: and rightly understood, there is a world of meaning in them:

'OH! 't is all one to me, all one,
 Whether I've money, or whether I've none!
 He who has money can buy him a wife,
 And he who has none can be free for life.
 He who has money can trade if he choose,
 And he who has none has nothing to lose.
 He who has money can squint at the fair,
 And he who has none escapes from much care.
 He who has money has cares not a few,
 And he who has none can sleep the night through.
 He who has money can go to the play,
 And he who has none at home can stay.
 He who has money can travel about,
 He who has none can go without.
 He who has money can be coarse as he will,
 And he who has none can be coarser still.
 He who has money can eat oyster meat,
 And he who has none the shell can eat.
 He who has money can drink foreign wine,
 And he who has none with the gout will not pine.
 He who has money the cash must pay,
 And he who has none, says, 'Charge it, pray!'
 He who has money keeps a dog if he please,
 And he who has none is not troubled with fleas.
 He who has money must die one day,
 And he who has none must go the same way.
 Ah! 't is all one to me, all one,
 Whether I've money, or whether I've none!

Uncomfortable philosophy, after all! - - - We have awaited from the competent pen of a friend an appropriate notice of the recent lamented death of Mr. THOMAS DOUGHTY, the distinguished American landscape-painter, a man of fine genius in his art, who has left not one, but many 'marks' of his great gifts for admiration in after-time. Mr. H. J. BRENT, formerly a pupil, and later a brother-painter in the same high branch of art, furnished us, some time since, an elaborate and eloquent tribute to the varied professional excellencies of Mr. DOUGHTY. - - - Looking over the daily metropolitan journals, you will scarcely fail to notice the quaint, sometimes poetical, and always amusing advertisements of *Lucius Hart, Numbers Six and Eight Burling Slip*. Attracted by one of these, we purchased of him one of his superb *Ice Pitchers*. What a luxury! They are ornamental double refri-

gerators—beautiful in shape, and matchless in execution. *Test* our praise of this most tasteful and useful invention. - - - This dainty tribute to our fair correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' is from an unknown contributor. It is as delicate and graceful as it is fervent:

'If I were the light of the brightest star
That beams in the zenith now,
I would tremble down from my home afar
To kiss thy radiant brow.

'If I were the breath of a fragrant flower,
With a viewless wing and free,
I would steal away from the fairest bower,
And carry its sweets to thee.

'If I were the soul of bewitching song,
With a moving, melting tone,
I would float from the gay and careless throng,
To soothe thy soul alone.

'If I were a charm by a fairy wrought,
I would bind thee by a sign,
And never again should a gloomy thought
O'ershadow thy spirit-shrine.

'If I were a hope with the magic light
That makes the future fair,
I would make thy path on earth as bright
As the paths of angels are!

'*New-York, June, 1856.*'

'DURING a late election at San-Diego,' as we gather from a friend there-away, ('JOHN PHOENIX'—there, the story is out!) 'a soldier stationed at the mission, who had moistened his clay with good effect during the day, gave a fearful whoop in front of the Exchange, leaped high into the air, and subsiding into the posture of ALAX defying the lightning, gave vent to the following highly conciliatory remarks: 'Me name is PAT MALLEY, from Galway, and any body that do n't like him, can kiss his Irish fut, and any body that says any thing against a soldier, *because he is a soldier*, I can knock h—ll's delights out of 'im! O Galway, Galway, Galway! *Won't* some body hit me?' This last request was made in an earnest tone of entreaty, perfectly affecting to listen to. 'T was not complied with. - - - THE CRYSTAL PALACE contains much fine statuary, and many other works on exhibition; and lately, the restoration of the 'DESCENT FROM THE CROSS,' in alto-relievo, by CAREW, of London, adds a new attraction. This work alone is worthy of a visit. It has a romantic and interesting history, which can be learned by calling at the Palace. This and the DUSSELDORF Gallery should be visited by every stranger in our metropolis. - - - PERHAPS there was never a more perfectly quiet, yet most effective rebuke than was given by a distinguished Methodist minister to a young member of his flock: 'Brother BLANK, we are always pleased to hear you speak in the prayer-meeting, and we hope you will continue to do so: but I would advise you to be brief as possible: and if you should *happen* to be *too* brief, the brethren will *tell* you!' He

was never found 'too brief!' - - - SICKNESS has for once 'pulled us by the ears, and made us know ourselves.' Two days of 'obstinate bile' (happily subdued in the end by our friend Dr. H. —, of our 'ilk,') must constitute our excuse for many things postponed too long, and finally left undone. Correspondents, private and public, will appreciate this. Notices of 'The Tangle-town Letters;' 'APPLETONS' Illustrated Steam-boat Guide;' 'NAPOLEON and JOSEPHINE'S Confidential Letters;' TICKNOR and FIELDS' and BIGELOW'S Life of Col. JOHN C. FREMONT; EMERSON'S 'English Traits;' 'Clara;' 'The Daisy Chain;' 'Western Africa;' with reviews of other newly-received publications, will presently appear. Much do we regret that 'Schediasms,' 'Travel, written on the Top of a Hat with a 'Brick' in It,' 'The Musk-Rat Question Settled,' Bucks county, (Penn.,) and Dubuque (Iowa) 'Legalities,' with five or six other capital favors, both in prose in verse, arrived too late for insertion in the present number. Several gossiping subsections of our own, also, including some thoughts upon 'American Parks and American Mansions,' replies to new correspondents, anecdotes, etc., bide their time. - - - WHEN you say, in a phrase now Americanized, such and such a man is 'a brick,' do you think of, or do you know, the origin of it? It is this: an Eastern Prince, on being asked, 'Where are the fortifications of your city?' replied, pointing to his soldiers, 'Every man you see is a brick!' - - - Our publisher, and others of our friends, who have used CONGER AND FIELDS' AMERICAN WRITING FLUID, prefer it to any ink they have ever used: and it *is* good, as they say.

New Publications: Art-Notices, Etc.

THE SCALPEL: by EDWARD H. DIXON, M.D., for the month of July, is a very capital number. Among the papers (and they are always entirely original) is one especially which afforded us much amusement, not to say instruction. It is entitled '*Some Account of the Birth, Life, Experience, Death, and Resurrection of a 'Medical Heretic': a Veritable Auto-biography.*' That this 'veritable auto-biography' records scenes and events in the distinguished Doctor's own history, few who are acquainted with the vivacity and variety of his conversation will for a moment doubt. But a few segregated passages, 'taken from here and there' in this interesting paper, will better indicate its character than any comment which we could make upon it:

'THERE is much reason to believe that I was originally born — in England — in the county of Wiltshire — in the city of Salisbury — and in some year between 1800 and 1820, and on either the twenty-ninth or thirty-first of July. My reasons for this belief are the following:

'*First.* An Episcopal clergyman, a reverend Doctor of Divinity, who lived in Nottinghamshire, and never knew me until I was eighteen years of age, gave me a certificate to the truth of the above statement after he baptized me, in order to prepare me for confirmation!

'*Second.* 'The Most Reverend Father in God, The Lord Archbishop and Primate of York,' confirmed me in this belief — and it would be the very awfulness of wickedness of unbelief in me to doubt the truth of the statement of a Doctor of Divinity, and a Primalial Archbishop!

'*Third.* Two persons, who claimed to be my parents, and therefore chastised me, and whom I claimed as my father and mother, (and thereupon imposed myself on them,) testified to the truth of the statement.

'*Fourth.* I entered on my studies at college, and graduated as physician on the belief of this statement.

'*Fifth.* I was married on the belief of this statement.

'I therefore solemnly and finally affirm, that I believe I was born. If any one doubt it, let him please answer my five reasons, or rather arguments — and confute them — if he can!

'My own case is one of the best of illustrations, that *Belief* precedes *Knowledge*. I know that *I am*—but I *believe* that *I was*! That prince of logicians and metaphysicians, the learned WHATELY, Archbishop of Dublin, need not have a better case for his theory. Where indeed would all my *knowledge* be, if I did not *believe* in myself?

'My *birth* being thus undeniably and indisputably proved, I proceed to give some account of my *life*. I have a very distinct recollection of having, at some early age, run about in a garden, and plucked some fruit from the trees—of having, in the house of some old lady, eaten bread and butter sprinkled over with sugar—of having gone to sleep in a carriage, and found myself awake in the road, the carriage having broken down—and of having lived for a time at an inn, where a very large and disagreeable woman domineered over me.

'Soon after I was distinguished by the habiliments of jacket and trowsers, I was sent to school with two brothers—and there, on the affirmation of an older boy, I was charged with an offence of which I was completely innocent, by one of the masters—and threatened with a flogging if I did not confess myself guilty. As I had a terrible notion of what a flogging was, I consented to tell the lie that I was required to! Alas for me! I thought for some time after that my soul would explode in ten thousand fragments, so frightful was the eruption within consequent on the telling of my first lie.

'I hated myself for my meanness and cowardice—I hated the boy who told the falsehood of me—I hated the master who frightened me into the lie—and I hated life and all its consequences, for I saw, or foresaw, that thousands of such things must necessarily occur, and I wished for non-existence at the early age of seven! Alas! how often since then has the wish been repeated! Falsehood and Death! Twin demons of corruption!

'Another time during my early school-days, I was accused falsely, but I believe not intentionally, by my elder brother, and my mother threatened to put me in the cellar unless I confessed the truth of the charge. Fear of the darkness, and dread of the vermin of a cellar, made me lie again—and I hated my mother and brother for a long time after, for causing me to lie. The second lie was not so awful to me as the first. Alas! lies became in time very easy of perpetration, but, thank God, never easy on reflection. They may be swallowed, like half-pence, but, like them, never digested.

'What a mean act this lying is! We never lie, except to avoid some honorable endurance, or to obtain some disreputable advantage. So we swallow a poison for the soul, to escape a little physic for the body—or we sell our consciousness of honor for a piece of metal, for the applause of a fool, or the favor of a knave.

'Every liar is one concrete mass of abstract meanness—a concentrated essence of modern conventionalism—a congregated heap of imbecile falsities. His patron, the devil, having showed him, as he did once before, what great things he would give him if he would kneel down and lie, he kneels and takes his dose of poison; then, blind and stupid with its effects, he is cheated out of his pay, and obliged to submit to the imposition. I honor the devil, more than I pity the man.

'The school at which I had been forced into a lie—my first lie—became a poor, miserable, contemptible bankruptcy. I rejoiced over its fall then; I rejoice over it now. The master who was my lie-driver, was driven to seek another occupation, and failed also. How glad I was then! How glad I am now! Whenever I know of lying, or tyranny, or meanness, working its own ruin, I rejoice with a great rejoicing!

'I ACQUIRED an exquisite skill in penmanship, and was a very *fine writer* at the age of nine. Many of my performances in that way were exhibited, to the profound satisfaction of my father, who thought I was altogether a prodigy of talent. But as I had undergone an *internal explosion* after *lying* for one schoolmaster, so I undertook an *external explosion* after *writing* for another.

'My next brother and I were making a bonfire of weeds and sticks, in a garden where we exercised our horticultural and floral propensities, when the heat and light of the sun putting out our fire, I took out of my pocket a vial of something, which my eldest brother had amused us with, by *detonating* small quantities of it. Knowing that it made flame, I threw a little of it in the embers, and it and the bottleful all went off together, carrying me with it into the air. The substance was fulminating silver, one of the most awful of explosives.

'The report was like that of a cannon, and brought the neighbors to see what we were doing. I had just descended from my elevation and recovered my feet, when I discovered, so I thought, that I had lost my right arm. Covered with blood, and having no feeling in my arm, I thought it was gone. Although it was demonstrated to me that my arm was not blown off, yet all sensation was blown out of it for a long time. It was of no use to me for months, and has never been right since. I bade a final adieu to my skill with pen and pencil, and cultivated my tongue, so that I became something of an orator, at least as a *story-teller*.

'I was intended for the medical profession, and therefore *articled* to a practising physician in the country. As my commencement of Latin was by attempting to learn the abstract principles of the grammar before I read any of the language, so, to make amends for my wrong start in Latin, I began my career as physician by practising before I had any knowledge or even principles. I did as my master did. It was not with me what 'magister docet,' but what 'magister facit'—not what he *taught*, but what he *did*.

'I began by reading some of the most profound and recondite of treatises, and plunged deep into theories, ere I had enough of facts to build my speculations upon. So I became a thinker sooner than I was a student. This early habit, thus acquired, of being my own thinker, gave me advantages which I have prized all my life. I may have been inclined to become more of a practical than a theoretical man, and therefore addicted early to be a judge, instead of a juror. The great lack of most men in professions and pursuits, is the habit and power to think for themselves. We may be liable on this account to *go* wrong, but are not so liable to *be* wrong.

'The difference between a slave and a freeman is not greater than between a thinker and a mere reader, or follower. Thought is limitless as lightning, but, like it, requires its conductor.

'I have, however, a distinct recollection of having let a young married woman die in her first

labor, for want of using my mental resources. I was young and inexperienced, and had but my own thinking to trust to. I was weary and frightened, and I lost my self-confidence and my patient. I never forgave myself, as indeed I never do forgive myself, nor can I when I am wrong. No one can be so unsparingly severe to me as I am to myself, when I am wrong.

'The bitter recollection of my loss nerved me for future doings. Soon after, I had a dreadful case of midwifery, and alone, at the immature age of eighteen, I performed one of the great operations of the art. Upon being questioned by my preceptor, why I did not send for him first, my reply was, 'I was afraid the woman would die before I could be aided, so I did it myself.'

'ONCE, when I was young, I was handsome, but now my appearance is by no means prepossessing. Hardly any old maid would fall in love with me! The old ladies among the doctors think I am awful homely. I have heard, in certain unprofessional circles, that the editor of the *Scalpel* is one of the most fascinating of ugly men, and that the Emperor of France is very like him. My face is peculiarly unremarkable and unimportant. I am taken for a German—for a Frenchman—for a Welshman—for a North-Irishman—and sometimes for an Englishman. I am not set down for a learned man—nor for a fool—nor for a wise man—nor an ass. I have a very ordinary appearance, and make no impression. I am not either a SUMNER or a BROOKS. When I do something worthy of a caning, and get it, I shall be some body. Why has not some one assaulted the editor of the *Scalpel*? I suppose they are afraid of Summerizing him, and increasing the circulation of the *Scalpel*.

'I ought to make a little statement of the moral and mental training which I received with my preceptor. He was very remarkable for his vanity, presumption, and ignorance. He thought himself very handsome, and had the misfortune to be cross-eyed, udder-nosed, shelving foreheaded, and flat-templed!

'He presumed that he knew enough for any man—and therefore did not attempt to know any more. He was exceedingly well versed in liquor, being thoroughly educated in the school of drinking. From beer, ale, cider, and porter, up to wine and spirits of every kind, he was remarkably distinguished for his intimate acquaintance with the whole of them. Most men of ability make their mark on their age and generation. He made his on his nose—a peculiar sort of red tubercle, which flourished in increasing quantity. He was very eloquent when he was intoxicated, and remarkably theological.

'In the time and place where my initiation into the history and mystery of medicine occurred, the habit of drinking to moderation was one of the necessary acquirements of life. I was accustomed to drink something of an intoxicating nature daily, but I was never intoxicated but twice. One of these occasions is very distinct in my remembrance. I had been betrayed into my intoxication by some one who enjoyed the sport of disabling me.

'I was from home at the time, and as I returned, the spire of the parish church pointed downward, and seemed to bore into the earth. A lady was waiting to have a tooth extracted, and on my proceeding to apply the instruments, I found, to my confusion, that she sat with her head downward! After spending some time to no purpose in getting her head right side up, I was obliged to abandon the operation. I found my way to bed by the power of habit, and there, neither willing nor able to undress, I passed the night in the wanderings of wine, which were very different from the meanderings of water.

'In the morning, head-ache, thirst, shame and remorse, were the natural results of my trespass on the rights of my nature. If the penalties of offended law could cure mankind of their evils, there would not be an uncurd being living. It may be an easy thing for a man to escape the penalty of a statute, or the prosecution of a court; but no wit of man can escape the shame of a lie, the confusion and disgrace of drunkenness, or the terror of crime.

'Let no man envy the outward prosperity of an evil man. Many a man, in the midst of prosperity, luxury, and honor, carries with him a furnace of hell within, from which there is no escape, and for which there is no alleviation, save by confessing and forsaking his evil. No vigilance committee can hunt a man up like himself, when he is wrong. No prosecuting attorney can search out his delinquencies, with a thousandth part of the skill and force that his own conscience can. What court of inquisition can equal a man's own heart?

'The investigation and analysis of my own mind enabled me to construct the mental instruments, and devise the moral tests, by which to measure, weigh, and value the minds of others. What TERENCE said of himself, is true also of me: 'I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me.'

The DOCTOR is too modest altogether. If LOUIS NAPOLEON be a good-looking man, then is the editor of '*The Scalpel*.' The resemblance is astonishing. Travelled Americans, from other cities, and Parisian Frenchmen, turn in the street to look after him. We have seen it done repeatedly.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION have just issued the first number of their ART JOURNAL, which they furnish to all members free of charge. The number before us contains portraits and sketches of POWERS and T. BUCHANAN REID, two of our most distinguished artists. It has also much valuable and interesting matter on art and artists, and is beautifully printed on fine paper, and should add thousands of members to the Association.

THE BUNSBY PAPERS: IRISH ECHOES: By JOHN BROUGHAM.—Original, comical, and most thoroughly Irish are these 'Echoes.' We seem to see BROUGHAM's funny phiz laughing at us from each page, and hear his rich voice, with inimitable brogue, repeat-

ing each story as only he could repeat it. To those who like Irish wit, (and who does not?) we most heartily commend this work.

'*The Sacred Plains*.' — '*The Sacred Mountains*,' by Hon. J. T. HEADLEY, our present Secretary of State, undoubtedly suggested to his brother, J. H. HEADLEY, the preparation of the handsome illustrated volume before us. '*The Sacred Plains*,' says '*The Churchman*,' 'are here brought before us in their association as connected with the history of the past, and alluded to in the Holy Scriptures. Whatever tends to give clearness and precision to our conceptions of those localities on which have transpired event affecting the destinies of men or nations, is worthy of praise, and therefore it is that this work of Mr. HEADLEY's is certain of wide acceptance. The materials were at command in many works extant, illustrative or descriptive of Asia. Mr. HEADLEY is graphic, so far as relates to personification, and exhibits great ingenuity in incorporating the expressions of the writers on whom he relies for the substance of his sketches.

DIARY OF THE LATE AMOS LAWRENCE. — Although but recently printed, this work, as we learn from the publishers, Messrs. GOULD AND LINCOLN, Boston, has had a sale unprecedented by scarcely any other biographical work; a success due entirely to the intrinsic merits of the book. The liberal benefactions of Mr. LAWRENCE to various public institutions during his life-time, drew upon him in a large degree the public attention, and made him an object of public respect. This respect seems to have been well deserved by his personal character, as we find it delineated in this volume. He was a man of business, exact and laborious, yet always careful to prevent habits of business from narrowing his sympathies or making him inattentive to matters of greater moment. He was a religious man, wholly without bigotry; a man of decided political opinions, without party prejudices, and disposed to think well of others, whether they agreed with him in their views or not.'

'REVISION OF THE LITURGY.' — The object of this volume, recently issued by DANA AND COMPANY, is stated by the author, Rev. ARCHER GIFFORD, A.M., to be, to draw from ecclesiastical literature what may interest and instruct all those who wish to acquire a knowledge of the Church's institutions, and to gather from her sacred treasury of 'things new and old,' that which may 'thoroughly furnish unto all good works. The professed aim of the work, in detail, is to exhibit the harmony of the Liturgy; its harmony in itself, as also with Holy Scripture; as shown in the Collect for each of the Sundays and Holy Days of the year, with the Epistles, the Gospel, and the Lessons for that Day, and of its accordance with a corresponding topic in the Church's Catechism, and her Articles of Religion.

THE PIAZZA TALES: HERMAN MELVILLE. — This series of stories, though partaking of the marvellous, are written with the author's usual felicity of expression, and minuteness of detail. The tale entitled 'Benito Cereno,' is most painfully interesting, and in reading it we became nervously anxious for the solution of the mystery it involves. The book will well repay a perusal.

SIBERT'S WORLD: BY THE AUTHOR OF SUNBEAM STORIES, ETC., is a small volume, written by an English lady, who has already won a literary reputation in England and America, to which this little work will add new honors. It is not one of those trashy, ephemeral books with which the country is flooded, and which are read only to be forgotten; but it is one which a parent may safely put in a daughter's hands, with the assurance that she can derive nothing from it but good.

MESSRS. A. WILLIAMS & Co. succeed MESSRS. FETRIDGE & Co., in Boston, and the KNICKERBOCKER can always be had at their elegant and well-filled store on Washington-street. Mr. WILLIAMS was, for many years, one of the firm of REDDING & Co., has always been in the book-business, is highly esteemed by his friends in the trade, and all who know him.